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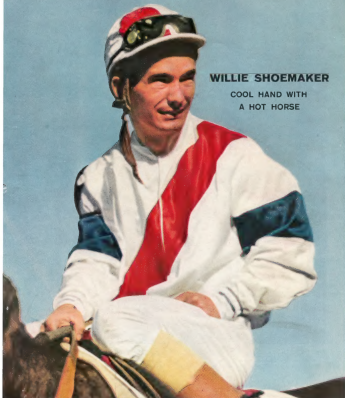
JANUARY 27, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

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COVER: WILLIE SHOENMAKER
Photograph by Jerry Cooke

West Coast riding fans were the first to discover the logical successor to Eddie Arcaro as America's greatest active jockey, and today most of the sport's fans from California to New York are in full agreement. For an intimate word picture of Willie Shoemaker, see page 32.

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THEY'RE OFF!

Indoor track, a circus with a purpose, sets under way. By **TEX MAYER**

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NEXT WEEK**THE MAN WHO MUST
BE DIFFERENT**

The sensitive story of a desperately sensitive man—Bill Russell of the Celtics, who is the biggest attraction on the professional basketball circuit

PLUS

THE WORLD'S 500 CHAMPIONSHIPS
THE U.S. TRIES TO BREAK THE
AUSTRIAN HOLD ON THE TITLE

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**"Everything's different
in Puerto Rico
—even the rum!"**

says Payson T. Lowell

of Boston, Massachusetts

"I learned something new about Puerto Rico every day," says Mr. Lowell.

"The rum there is incredibly dry. Like brut champagne. Magnificent. Versatile, too. You drink it on the rocks. Or with tonic. In rum sours and daiquiris. Even, sometimes, from coconuts!

"The island itself is captivating. I never imagined myself making approach shots across the moat of an old Spanish fortress. My partner swears he heard ghostly laughter from that sentry box when I missed my putt."

- Payson Lowell plays the amazing 21 Marks course in Old San Juan. Back home in Boston he reports, "Rum highballs have now become quite popular, when made with light Puerto Rican rum."

SNOW PATROL

Skiing across the country—reports complete through the preceding weekend.

Be sure to check resorts for latest/season conditions before starting out on ski trip.

EP—status of snow on upper slopes and trails. **LO**—status of snow on lower slopes and trails. **CR**—status last Saturday. **SN**—status of snow last week.

EAST

Adirondack, N.Y. Trails packed edge to edge in preparation for Jan. 23 opening of 4,300-foot gondola lift, first of its kind in U.S. Skiing from top of present T has excellent last week. **UP** 22, **LO** 20, **CR** 1,200.

Common Mt., N.Y. All trails excellent. Middle and upper T has old, sparkling midweek yet. Howard Road, maker of Head aids, tried out new experimental X-37 downhill racing model here. **UP** 22, **LO** 18, **CR** 1,200.

Belmont, N.Y. Skiing good last weekend. Night line loads of CYO skiers from Boston on slopes. **UP** 22, **LO** 15.

Benning, N.Y. New weekend attendance record set here. **UP** 22, **LO** 15, **CR** 1,200.

Barnstable, Mass. N.Y. Dartmouth Unit Switzer here under Coach 81 Merrill and Bill Beck who replaced recently retired Wally Stanger. **UP** 22, **LO** 14.

Black Mt., N.Y. Upper and lower slopes were excellent. **UP** 22, **LO** 20, **CR** 1,200.

Cranmore, N.H. Skis had light powder skiing last weekend. Harlin's first winter's ski without lagged in biggest number of people yet this year. **UP** 20, **LO** 10, **CR** 1,100.

Reganville, Maine. Eighty youngsters from

Feb. 3-7 to be conducted by Ski School Head Jim Howard. **UP** 22, **LO** 12, **CR** 1,000.

Roanoke, Mass. Night skiing now on Thursday through Saturday schedule. **UP** 22, **LO** 12.

Whiteface, N.Y. New lower chair opened last weekend. Top section will open for official dedication Jan. 23. **UP** 22, **LO** 10, **CR** 1,000.

Ballcap, N.Y. Biggest crowd in history of area last Saturday. Skiing very good. **UP** 22, **LO** 12, **CR** 1,200.

Snow Ridge, N.Y. Nursery for handling tests opened at area. **UP** 18, **LO** 10, **CR** 1,000.

Roanoke, N.Y. Howard moved skid slopes last weekend.

Mount Tremont, N.Y. Working Barrie added up to make excellent skiing on mountain area wonderful. All lifts operated. Taborware runs here Jan. 23. **UP** 22, **LO** 14, **CR** 1,000.

Mount Gabriel, Que. Race in ski racing interest brought out 200 entries for Peugeot Ski Club giant slalom. **UP** 22, **LO** 10, **CR** 1,000.

St. Asaph, Que. Skiing good. **UP** 20, **LO** 12.

St. Lawrence, Que. Skiing last weekend was best in years. **UP** 22, **LO** 8, **CR** 1,200.

MIDWEST

Rogers Mt., Mich. Ski conditions in lower part of state here last weekend, after to snow on slopes, consisting of slopes by tractor. **UP** 22,

crowds well. Working time was no state that 10 minutes long. **UP** 20, **LO** 10.

Mount St. Helens, Ore. B & RWH will run ski trails from January for Snowboard around Feb. 7-8. Cardinal restrictions tight. But some available at Camo, 30 miles away. **UP** 20, **LO** 10, **CR** 200.

Winter Park, Colo. All trails good. T has installed at beginning of season have cleared up lift-line problem. **UP** 22, **LO** 12, **CR** 1,200.

Aspen, Colo. Excellent last weekend. Skiers packed mountain. **UP** 22, **LO** 12.

Four Vistas, Idaho. Fine loaded California skis deposited here by Los Angeles area trail last week have had excellent skiing on every inch of slope. Skislight Kalamazoo after-ski skis are setting fashion. **UP** 22, **LO** 21, **CR** 1,200. **Idaho** **UP** 22, **LO** 22.

Lookout Pass, Idaho. Free ski school took in 400 pupils for third season of winter-long teaching program. **UP** 22, **LO** 12, **CR** 700.

Utah. Excellent. Excellent cross-country and jumping class (ranked by old) skiers who watched U.S. Nordic team train here for world championships. **UP** 20, **LO** 12, **CR** 1,000.

Big Mt., N.H. Fine powder skiing over whole area. Heavy pass for small skis opened under supervision of baby skiers on slope. **UP** 22, **LO** 12, **CR** 1,200.

Green King, N.Y. All trails packed, excellent conditions. **UP** 22, **LO** 10, **CR** 1,000.

Alta, Utah. Fine powder last weekend had skiers using Kross Gold Skis, applied criticism for good. Skislight would ski getting to be popular. **UP** 20, **LO** 10, **CR** 1,000.

Brighton, Mich. Excellent on Hillcrest and Majestic. Skis wearing race track pairs with white pullovers. **UP** 22, **LO** 1,000.

Snow Basin, Utah. Excellent on all trails and slopes. **UP** 22, **LO** 12, **CR** 1,200.

Sierra Park, New Mex. Skiing good. Area designed by Texas skis from El Paso, Amarillo, Panhandle, Idaho, Midwest and Idaho Ski clubs. **UP** 20, **LO** 22.

Yan, New Mex. New snow over all slopes last weekend. Nightly entertainment at Honda Lodge includes Indian dancing. **UP** 22.

Snow Bowl, Ariz. Skiing excellent. **UP** 20, **CR** 1,200.

PAC WEST

Sagehen, Calif. Powder excellent during last weekend turned conditions from good to excellent. Jim Baker of Reno took Danny Hill. Only race ahead of 101 other entries.

Sierra Valley, Calif. Best January ski growth in history of area. Reservations available for weekends. **UP** 20, **LO** 20, **CR** 1,000.

Sierra Park, Calif. Area officially opened with excellent conditions last weekend. Chair and rope tow will operate daily. Reservations available at Sierra Lake, Johnny's Resort is good last for dinner. **UP** 22, **LO** 20, **CR** 200.

Redgate Park, Calif. Excellent packed powder skiing.

Marathon, Wis. Skis. Excellent skiing. Ski school broke daily record by giving 180 lessons last Saturday. **UP** 22, **LO** 20, **CR** 1,000.

St. George, Idaho. Needed snow last weekend after rain cold dry slopes. **UP** 20, **LO** 21.

Sierra, N.H. Conditions generally excellent but occasional orange showing. More snow 150 Standard students at annual carnival.

Redgate, Idaho. Packed powder over whole hill. Skislight skiers never met talked about ski race on slope. **UP** 22.

St. George, Idaho. Rain during week closed Skis, made Sierra Bowl top. **CR** 200.

Sierra, N.H. Skis. Skis pulled on slopes last weekend. Skis took to bright nylon ponchos for protection.

White Park, Wash. Area has been skiing in Cascade last weekend. Ski beginning skis can buy \$1.00 package for Jan. 24-31, including transportation, ski lesson and lift ride.

St. George, Idaho. Good skiing at Timberline last weekend. Government Camp last snow cover during rain. Ski race in becoming popular dinner stop for skiers.

Sierra Bowl, N.H. Saturday night skiing drawing good crowds. **LO** 20, **CR** 170.



MAC MILLER of McCall, Idaho was the top man in cross-country trials to select

U.S. team for world cross-country and jump championships in Finland last month.

Cliff's Edge, Mich. Skip Headmaster, former American ski racer, leads now ski school.

Gabriel, Mich. Junior ski meet drew city teams from Cadillac, Mackinac, Petoskey, Traverse and Boyne City. **LO** 8, **CR** 1,000.

St. Ignace, Mich. Skis here using 3,000 foot airstrip at base of mountain to come in by private plane. **UP** 2, **LO** 3, **CR** 1,000.

St. Ignace, Mich. Skis here had good, hard pack snow. **UP** 2, **LO** 4.

WEST

Aspen, Colo. Weekend snow restored excellent skiing. Latest in war here is ordinary skis on hand-knit cable stockings. Reservations through March starting to get tight. **UP** 22, **LO** 17, **CR** 1,000.

Leadville, Colo. New lifts handling weekend

THEY'RE OFF!

From the exciting kaleidoscope of the 1958 indoor track and field season may emerge the United States' answer to Russia's burgeoning strength

by **TEX MAULE**

INDOOR TRACK, sport's answer to the three-ring circus, springs full-grown from the winter trach as Athens sprang fully-armed from the head of Zeus. The smoke-filled arenas of the indoor sport begin operation in late January with no warmup period, and the clatter of spikes on boards goes on until early spring, when the athletes move out into the open air, blink at unaccustomed sunlight and stretch their legs on the longer cinder tracks.

The indoor meets create an excitement often lacking outdoors. The athletes crowd the infield and the fans hang close over the edge of the narrow track, communicating an urgency to the performance. Elbowroom for the runners is at a premium, so that the races are often won by superior tactics,

rather than speed. A pair of sharp elbows is a definite advantage.

This year, as the season began last week with the annual Massachusetts Knights of Columbus meet in Boston Garden, a half dozen faces familiar to knowledgeable indoor track fans were missing. Bob Richards, who won or shared the national indoor pole vault championship eight times in the last decade, turned professional during the summer of 1957 to take a job as sports director of a California oil company. The two best hurdlers of 1957—Lee Calhoun and Milt Campbell—are missing, too. Calhoun was married on a TV giveaway program last August and among his other gifts was a year's suspension by the AAU, which considered his kinescopic wedding an impairment

of his amateur standing. Campbell spent the fall running kickoffs back for the Cleveland Browns. Tom Courtney, the Olympic 800-meter champion and world outdoor 880-yard record holder, has turned to another indoor sport this season. Courtney, hampered by his studies at the Harvard Business School, has planned a severe cerebral conditioning program which does not allow him time to train properly or to run in the meets.

Freddie Dwyer, for the last few years one of the nation's best one- and two-mile runners, is in unofficial retirement due to a burnitis condition in his left heel, and Horace Ashenfelter, holder of the American indoor and outdoor two-mile records, has also retired.

While these are holes apparent to the niche vacated by these men, it is not too early to begin wondering about United States' chances in the big track year which this should be, or even in the 1960 Olympics, against a Russian team which has, year by year, become stronger. The 1958 indoor track season may be a valuable time of assessment. Already some quiet but intent assessment is going on.

"We were lucky in the Olympics in 1956," argued Dick Templeton, California's Bernard Baruch of the track world, recently. "The Russians lost their sharpness because of a lack of pre-Olympic competition. They'll be ready in Rome and we'll have to be better."

Templeton is a former Stanford coach, a small, gnarled man of 60-odd who carries his years airily. He is, too, a man of strong convictions and an ebullient willingness to express them.

"I think our track coaches are pretty good," he said, grudgingly. "But in track you have to remember even if the coach is lazy it doesn't prevent a boy from working and learning. What we

THE INDOOR MEETS TO WATCH

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| JANUARY 24 | Philadelphia Inquirer Games, Convention Hall, Philadelphia |
| JANUARY 25 | Washington Evening Star Games, National Guard Armory, Washington |
| FEBRUARY 1 | Boston AA Meet, Boston Garden |
| FEBRUARY 9 | Millrose Games, Madison Square Garden, N.Y. |
| FEBRUARY 16 | New York AC Games, Madison Square Garden |
| FEBRUARY 22 | National AAU championships, Madison Square Garden |
| FEBRUARY 28 | Big Eight championships, Kansas City Auditorium (also March 2) |
| MARCH 1 | ICMA championships, Madison Square Garden |
| | Athletic Coast Conference championships, Western Gymnasium, Chapel Hill, N.C. |
| MARCH 7 | Big Ten championships, U. of Illinois Armory, Champaign, Ill. (also March 10) |
| MARCH 8 | New York K. of C. Meet, Madison Square Garden |
| | Hexagonal championships, Barton Hall, Ithaca, N.Y. |
| | Central College championships, Western Michigan Field House, Kalamazoo, Mich. |
| MARCH 14 | Chicago Daily News Relays, Chicago Stadium |
| MARCH 15 | New York Pioneer Club Meet, 36th Armory, New York |
| MARCH 21 | Cleveland K. of C. Meet, Cleveland Arena |



PERFECT START SENDS RON DELANEY STROD FROM LEFT TO VICTORY (PHIL COLEMAN COURTESY) PUSHED 400 MILE, RAN 4,000

have to learn is to work hard enough; some coaches will tell you that if a boy works hard, he'll go state. You can't be any good unless you work hard."

Tompleton was sipping from a cup of coffee at a restaurant across from the San Francisco radio station where he is employed as a sports commentator.

"Now, Dave Sims has been used to prove that you shouldn't work hard. Sportsmen are prima donnas, anyway," he remarked. "Merron is the best competi-

tor, but Sims has the most natural ability. But the first year he ran he worked hard and he got better. You got to work hard and the Europeans know it. Vladimir Kutia runs 23 miles a day and the rest of them are the same way. No athlete is ever able to find out what constitutional strength he has until after a couple of years of great effort. They have to work their tail off to find out if they have got it."

He sipped at the coffee morosely.

"The only time you improve is when you put yourself under pressure," he said. "We don't train that way. Take high jumping. Gail, Lee Stevens would go out and jump for height every day. The rest of them jump for form. The Russians copied Simca's form and his training methods and they got great high jumpers. Take Parry O'Brien. He's another one who believes in work. He tops them all. Back in 1951 he lost the

continued

THEY'RE OFF!

by Michael

shotput to some kid from Texas A&M. You know what he did? He went out the next day and he put the shot for eight hours without stopping. That's why he's great."

He thumped the table gently with his fist, jiggling the coffee in his cup.

"The Russians have skipped all the nonsense about overtraining," he said. "An athlete can't burn himself out. Sure, he can get sick and tired of training or of competition and need a rest, maybe, but he can't burn himself out. You ask the doctors what they mean by an athlete burning himself out and you get a blank wall. And the kids are willing to work hard, if you give them the chance. They don't mind working if they feel they are getting somewhere. After they get in condition, it isn't so hard, either. Personally, I think the trouble is that too many of the coaches burn out, not the kids."

Templeton ruminated a moment, then went on.

"Another trouble we have in the United States—especially in the distances—is that the athletes quit too young," he said. "A distance runner

reaches his peak long after college, and most of them quit when they get out of college. After all, the thing called old age in an athlete is in the nervous system. It doesn't deteriorate very quickly. But after a guy gets out of college, even if he competes some, he is not under much pressure. He gets a lift from alarm when he represents his college. He's afraid of losing. You take that fear away and replace it with over-pleasantness and he loses a lot of the nervous energy he gets from alarm. We need means which will create public interest in athletes after they have finished college and which will give them good incentives to compete, too. Sure, eventually the athletes reach the point when they no longer feel the alarm you need to get nervous energy. When there is no more alarm, it means you have gone to the well too often. But there are quite a few years between the end of college and that time."

Wes Nelson, publisher of *Track & Field News*, and probably the most knowledgeable track fan in the United States, lends a cautious nod to Templeton's theories on training.

"The cultural and social pattern of the country is a factor," he said. "Our athletes simply do not have the time

to devote to training that the Russians and some of the other European countries have. The Hungarians practiced twice a day, three hours at a time, 365 days a year. Our college athletes have trouble finding the time for one two-hour session a day. Vladimir Kotov considers three hours' hard work a day is the absolute minimum. The Russian high jumper, Stepanov, practiced 400 leg swings a day. Age for age, our miles and two-milers are no good as anybody, but they quit before they reach their peak. Maybe you can't blame them. How many men would want to get up highlands, go to bed at 10 p.m., watch their diet and train as hard as the Europeans do between the ages of 20 and 40? And how many would do?"

Nelson cites the University of Southern California's Max Traux as an example of the efficacy of hard work.

"He's our one-leg hope for world rights in the distances," says Nelson. "Only one man ever has run a faster 5,000 meters than Traux at the same age—22. And Traux works like a dog."

THE DISTANCE RACES

Traux is a short, stocky, crew-cut, blond junior at the University of Southern California. As a high school

DARK-HORSE CHALLENGERS



COMING UP FAST in the indoor track world are upstart dark horses such as Boston's Steve Gregg, Kansas City's Mike Longaker and 194 mile-the-mile-out Yankee distance champion Veliho Mäkelä. 177, on his first American campaign, Tim Monaghan, Manhattan

Exponent, looks like top dark-horse prospects among all the stars in early events, and Eelis Laakkonen, Finnish pole vaulting star attending the University of Michigan who is packing 18 feet in his spurs, and once gave U.S. coaches plenty of trouble.

THE MEN AND THE MARKS

EVENT	INDOOR RECORD	TOP VETERANS	BEST AMERICAN PERFORMANCE	DARK HORSES	BEST INDOOR PERFORMANCE
50 YARD DASH	8.61 (1988)	IRA MURCHISON (CA, Michigan)	8.61	RED BARNWELL (Ga.)	8.67
		DARR SINE (Inde.)	8.61	RON KARE (U.S., Ariz.)	8.61
				ROBERT GORDON (Michigan St.)	8.63
60 YARD HIGH HURDLES	8.7.0 (1987)	CHARLIE PURTT (Pa., Penna.)	8.7.2	MARTY JONES (IL, Michigan)	8.7.2
		CLASAS-ELBERT (Michigan-Staten)	8.7.2	LOU KNIGHT (NY, Penna.)	8.7.2
800 YARD RUN	1:00.5 (1988)	CHARLIE JENNINS (Villanova)	1:00.8	BOB McMURRAY (Michigan State)	1:01.1
				JOE GARTNER (Michigan ST)	1:00.8
				RON MURPHY (Michigan)	1:00.7
1,000 YARD RUN	2:08.7 (1987)	ARNE SWELL (U.S., Ariz.)	2:08.2	DAVE SCHULOCK (NC, Carolina)	2:10.4
				RON CARROLL (Pa.)	2:13.7
				WILLIE ATTREBERRY (Michigan St.)	2:12.5
ONE-MILE RUN	4:03.6 (1988)	RON DELANY (Pennsylv.)	4:03.8	PHIL COLEMAN (Chicago ST)	4:05.1
				STAN KISHINOVSKI (Chicago)	4:06.4
				GEORGE KING (NY St.)	4:10.1
				BOB CARL (Massachusetts)	4:07.2
TWO-MILE RUN	8:50.5 (1984)	JOHN MACY (Houston)	8:57.2	JOE SCATTY (U.S., Ariz.)	9:05.1
		MAX BURR (Mass.)	8:56.7	WELISA MAGOSA (Pennsylvania)	9:06.4
				BLACON JONES (Iowa)	9:06.2
HIGH JUMP	6' 10" (1983)	PHIL BEARDS (Pennsylvania)	6' 10"	CHRIS STRAD (Villanova)	6' 10"
		GEORGE DORRIS (Michigan ST)	6' 10"	ALAN SMITH (Chicago ST)	6' 10"
		CHARLEY BURAS (Mass.)	7' 00"		
POLE VAULT	15-06 (1988)	BOB RANGE (Massachusetts ST)	15-04	ELIAS LANDSTROM (Michigan)	14-8
		BOB GUTENBERG (Massachusetts)	15-6	JOHN WILSON (Mass ST)	15-04

* made in competition outdoors

** made at 2,000 meters outdoors

senior to set a national interscholastic record of 4:20.4 in the mile. He has run the fastest three-mile in the history of U.S. track, and his peak years lie well ahead of him. Truxex agrees with Tompheton and Nelson on the value of hard work by both runner and coach. He trains every day of the year and this season he is scheduled to compete in five indoor meets in the East and Middle West. He is a strong threat to break the two-mile record (8:50.5) and the three-mile (13:41.7) in the national AAU championships.

Truxex will undoubtedly be on the United States team this year which is scheduled to meet the Russians in Moscow in the first of two U.S.-Russia meets tentatively set for July 28 and 29. Meanwhile, he should find strong competition during the indoor season from John Macy, the transplanted Pole who represents the University of Houston, and from Macy's teammate, Jerry Smartt, who is scheduled to come East, too. Despite the retirement of Schenckler and Dwyer, the field in the

two-mile and three-mile runs for the indoor 1988 season is strong: Ron Delany, the indolent Irishman who has won 19 straight indoor races, may move up from the mile to the longer races in some meets and he may double up in the IC4A competition. Strong dark-horse possibilities are Les Selegnie, ex-Connecticut runner, who finished second to Delany in the IC4A two-mile last year and won the Penn Relays two-mile championship; Darran Jones of Iowa, who ran a 9:04.2 to win at the Massachusetts K of C meet; and Velisa Magosa, a student of philosophy and geography at the University of Belgrade. Magosa is a darkly handsome Yugoslav who has won the 1,600-, 2,000- and 3,000-meter championships of his country for the last five years.

The showpiece of any indoor track meet is the mile, and the show competitor in the miles scheduled this season, as last, is Villanova's and Ireland's Delany. The slender, dark Irishman with the odd, shoulder-hunching run-

ning style has won 18 straight indoor miles and three races at other distances since he last lost indoors. He scored a tremendous 1,000-yard-two-mile double in last season's IC4A and just about the only question on Delany is whether he will break the indoor mile record. Says Ron: "If the competition is provided—say, three good miles—anything can happen." The anything in this case includes a four-minute indoor mile and, as of now, it appears likely that Delany will have the three good miles to push him to that mark. Since he notoriously runs only fast enough to win, the competition is an absolute necessity if he is to be the first man to hit four minutes indoors.

Two midwestern distance runners—Phil Coleman and Ted Wheeler—provide strong but not record-setting competition. Coleman won the Massachusetts K of C meet last year in the absence of Delany (4:09.8), and looks very fit this year. He pressed Delany to a 4:05 mile at Boston last Saturday.

continued

THEY'RE OFF!

continued

doing 195.7 himself. Mistachood, round-shouldered Wheeler took first at Milwaukee in 1957 in 1:13.2 and ran a 4:57.2 for a third at Chicago. Burr Ginn of Maryland and Jim Beatty, formerly of North Carolina and now in the Army, are back for another spin on the indoor merry-go-round. Ginn, third last week in Delany and Coleman in 4:08.9, nipped Wheeler for second in Chicago last year in 4:37.2, won the Delany-less N.A.A.U. and was consistently around 4:11 in five other meets. Beatty, who beat Ginn for both the mile and two-mile Atlantic Coast Conference titles, had a best time of 4:09.1 for third in the New York Athletic Club meet; he will probably run better as a two-miler this season. The most promising dark horse in the mile is trail-bucking George King, the 130-pound former NYU runner. He is training for a 4:04 mile and, while he may not beat Delany, he could be the one to give him the competition to send the freshman to a new indoor record. And if he doesn't, Istvan Bonta, colt of Hungary's 400-meter star will compete in those or four meets, just maybe.

880-1,000 YARDS

Tom Courtney's preoccupation with his studies and the uncertainty imposed by Army-Senate legislation on Army service add up to confusion in the 880- to 1,000-yard distances for the latest season. Seneca was undebated last season; he holds the 880-yard indoor record (1:59.2) and is co-holder with Don Gehrmann of the 1,000-yard record (2:08.2). Now he is a second lieutenant who has just graduated from infantry school at Fort Benning and he has not had time to train properly.

"I'm in fair but not tight-up shape," he says. "If I can get here, I should be in as good shape as last year by the time of the AAU." If Seneca manages to reach his condition, only Ron Delany, should he drop down to the 1,000-yard run for a race or two, could prove more than a match for him. Dave Saurback of North Carolina, a picture-book runner, came on very well at the end of last season, winning the Atlantic Coast Conference 800 title and finishing second in the New York K of C meet and at Cleveland. He has an outdoor best time of 1:48.3. Manhattan's Tom Murphy ran a 1:48.7 600 early this season and appears ready for a strong year; he has done 1:45.8 in the 800 outdoors. On the scene are James Brown, the calmest of passivity, and the outdoor

600-yard record holder, Willie Abernethy of Michigan State and Yale's Tommy Carroll, the youthful indoor and intercollegiate record holder in the 800, who ran wonderfully well to win the 1,000 at Boston. Carroll will probably skip several meets to conserve his energy for the big ones.

440-500 YARDS

Charlie Jenkins, the Olympic 400-meter gold-medal winner, dominated the 440 during the 1957 season. He should do so again when he is in proper condition. Jenkins won eight major meet titles last winter and in the current record holder at 500 yards with a 36.4. On the strength of his 1:19.7, Murphy appears ready to push Jenkins, if not beat him, and Morgan State's



WORLD'S FASTEST human may be Dave Saurback, record-breaking sprinter from Duke.

Bob McMurray is another strong challenger. McMurray was only a yard behind Jenkins in 1:11.1 in last year's New York K of C meet and he has a five-best time of 1:07.7 in the 440 outdoors. Joe Gaffney, in superb condition (he was early in the season, won the 400 at Boston, but in a slow 1:13.1). Ancient Reggie Deaman of the New York Phoenix outsmoked track stars by beating Jenkins in the Millrose 400 in 1957; if his remarkable legs retain their spring, he might outstand race this year.

THE SPRINTS

Dave Saurback, Duke's brilliant, red-haired sprinter, gave up all thoughts of a pro baseball career to concentrate on the sprints, looking ahead to the Olympics. With Saurback on the boards, muscular, chunky Ira Murchison, who

was undebated indoors last winter, may see his streak broken. Murchison may have an advantage in that Saurback's race track for the year and fear of board running. A fast-developing sophomore from Pittsburgh, who hails from Brooklyn's Boys High, could conceivably upset both Saur and Murchison; Mel Barrowell seems better fitted for the 220 outdoors, but he has the quick speed to bring an indoor threat, too. Bobby Gordon, a thick-chested youngster who was the leading ground-swarmer for the Morgan State football team last fall, is a good long-shot bet. Gordon has done 1:35 outdoors and last year won the Pioneer Club's 60-yard dash in 6.1. Lieutenant Ken Kave of the U.S. Army and Villanova's Ed Colquhoun fill out a big field of truly capable sprinters.

THE HURDLES

In the hurdles, Klaus Gilbert of Winston-Salem Teachers, Hayden Jones of Eastern Michigan and National Decathlon Champion Charlie Pratt appear most probable inheritors of the laurels abandoned by Joe Calhoun and Matt Campbell. Gilbert has set the world record of 13.4 seconds for the 120-yard high hurdles outdoors and Jones has a very best of 13.7 in the event. They have never met indoors.

THE RELAYS

The relays are difficult to handicap, depending upon variables of personnel and conditions, but there appears to be one certainty this season: at full strength the Morgan State indoor relay team will be practically unbeatable. Last season the Morgan State team divided honors with Villanova; the same team was returned, while Villanova was almost wiped out by graduation. Manhattan, after beating a sub-par Morgan State and Villanova in the Massachusetts K of C in a clip 3:20, looks ready for an exceptional season.

In the two-mile relay, Georgetown, undefeated last year, may again be the best in the East, although Manhattan, powered by Murphy's blistering anchor leg, beat Georgetown by three yards in 10:19.4 at Boston last week. Should Connecticut secure its great two-mile relay team next to campaign, the resulting three-way duel could produce a new world record.

THE FIELD EVENTS

In the high jump, Villanova's 6-foot 9-inch Phil Reagin, who won indoors nearly all of the indoor titles last year, is back and so is his teammate, Charlie Stoud. However, should Charley Duane decide to make his indoor debut

this winter, both Reavis and Stead may have to take a back seat. Dumas, the outdoor record holder at 7 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, has never tried the indoor sport, but he should have little difficulty. Reavis and Stead have both cleared 6-9 and Reavis can almost be counted on to make that height any Saturday night. He has been hampered early this season, however, by a pulled groin muscle. Stead was a surprise as a sophomore last year and tied Reavis at 5-8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in the ICAA championships. George Dumas, formerly of Morgan State and now with the Philadelphia Pioneer Club, appears as the strong threat after going 4-9 $\frac{1}{2}$ at Boston. Floyd Smith of the Chicago Track Club cleared 5-8 $\frac{1}{2}$ last year and won himself a handful of fans; should he come back, he, too, could pose the two Villanovans. The unexpected, statue-looking Smith scored to 6-11 $\frac{1}{2}$ outdoors last season, best jump in the United States.

The retirement of Bob Benavente in the pole vault leaves the indoor laurels almost entirely to muscular Don Bragg. Bragg won five first indoors in 1957 and is almost always good for 15 feet. Bob Gutowski, the world record holder outdoors, will probably compete in only one indoor meet this season, so that Bragg's strongest competition should come from Jerry Welbourne, Mel Schwartz, Ken Lankinen and George Benavente, all of whom might, in a moment of unusual inspiration, clear 15 feet.

Since most of the shotputters hail from California and the Midwest and do not compete indoors, this event is seldom exciting unless Perry O'Brien can be lured from the West Coast. Indoor and outdoor record holder O'Brien competed in only two meets last winter (New York AC and the AAU), won both with sub-44-foot tosses. Ken Benetton, former Manhattanite, could clear 60 feet indoors if he competes this year. He has done it outdoors. Dave Ouse of Michigan has done 58 feet indoors, Bill Nieder (ex-Kansas) 62-2. These two seldom enter the eastern meets, but should top the Midwest.

All in all, the indoor season appears likely to produce at least two events — by Trux in the two- and three-mile runs — and possibly two more, by Delany on the mile and Georgetown, Massachusetts or Occidental in the two-mile relay. In any event, it will engender excitement, a circus atmosphere and a winter look on the outdoor prospects.

It may even produce some new U.S. stalwarts for the great international battles to come.

ERIC

ODDS-ON FAVORITES



BENDING INTO a curve, Villanova's Charlie Jenkins, premier middle-distance runner of 1958, pulls away from veteran campaigner Reggie Pearson to record one of his eight indoor titles last season. Below: Don Bragg consistently brilliant along east coast



POWER-STRAIGHT running style of Max Trux brings victory (below) at the stubby Southern California distance star converts his claim to ranking as United States' strongest threat to the Europeans in their specialty. Trux plans expanded indoor campaign.



The violent impact and flashing color that electrify Madison Square Garden on hockey night—shown on the following three pages—are a photographer's paradise. Opposite: the Red Wings' Johnny Wilson takes a tumble over Jack Evans of the Rangers

THE UP-AND-DOWN RANGERS

IT WAS the morning after an unconformably bad weekend for the New York Rangers. The Boston Bruins had humiliated them two days before, for all the nation to see on TV, by scoring six goals in the indecently short space of 6½ minutes. The Montreal Canadiens had shut them out the night before. Now, in the Rangers' office in Madison Square Garden, a radio newsmen with a tape recorder extingquished a cigaret, threw a long arm around Coach Phil Watson's shoulders and said, "Phil, with startling suddenness disaster has struck the Rangers. What are you going to do about it?"

"What do you mean, disaster?" rasped Watson. "We're still in second place, aren't we?" And, by George, so they were, until Detroit dumped them to third the following week. With half the season completed, the Rangers had been having the best of it in the real National Hockey League career—the scramble among the five underprivileged teams for the three Stanley Cup playoff positions that will remain after the overpowering Canadiens clinch first place.

It is typical of this season—as peculiar a campaign as you are likely to see in the NHL—that the Canadiens entered last week with the only better-than-500 average in the standings and a remarkable 18-point lead, despite having lost most of their stars for long periods through injury.

It is typical of the Rangers—as unpredictable a team as you are likely to find in hockey—that they started a five-game road trip last week in a terrible slump, not having won since December 22. It is perhaps also typical, if hardly credible, that they won five and tied one of their first seven games with the mighty Canadiens and still held a 3-4-3 advantage over them this week.

The thing was, the Rangers were being a lot cheekier than almost anyone had thought possible. Granted, they had made the playoffs the last two seasons with approximately the same players, but the hockey writers in their pressmen's pad could see them no longer than 50 ft.

Well, by the time the Rangers had vaulted into first place for 10 days in November—their first visit there in a good many years—and had defeated the Canadiens in two consecutive games, thereby shaking a 14-year thorn, there hadn't been so much uplifted spirit in the Garden

(Part continued on page 24)





Excuse my sticks: New York's Jack Evans (above)

Detroit's Alex Delvecchio (below) toward 1-and-out danger
Bill Gadsby, mirroring Evans' mad and frenzied behavior



Pardon my feet: New York's Red Wings didn't
instead he gave Detroit's Marcel Pronovost a nice
tremendous penalty for tripping New York's Red Wings

Notice my style: Warren Gaudy of Detroit dives
to block a pass to Ranger Camille Henry. Nobody
spilled Gaudy, he just wanted to get there first.



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

HIM AND HIS BIG FAT CIGAR

GENTLEMEN," said him and his big fat cigar, "I will guarantee you \$400,000 for the two years. That is a fair price, a dignified price. I urge you to accept or reject it. Should you reject it, I would not complain but accept your democratic decision. I think, however, you should know I will not negotiate any further."

Every baseball fan knew that Walter O'Malley would run out of cigars long before he ran out of words, and even as he said these last ones to the Los Angeles Coliseum Commission, he was still puffing vigorously on his cigar.

The result? Are you kidding? Why the Dodgers—the Los Angeles Dodgers, that is—are going to play ball for at least two years in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

After that? Why by then baseball will really be popular with the natives, and Walter O'Malley will be able to write his own ticket.

BASEBALL STATISTIC

WALTER O'MALLEY and his problem of bedding down his troops in their new Los Angeles home was not the only baseball news that made headlines last week.

When he was invited to appear at a Boston dinner and receive the applause of the Boston baseball writers, Jimmy Fox, a truly fabulous baseball player who retired from the game in 1945 and whose bust now rests in the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y., had to decline because he was flat broke and had been in more or less the same sad financial condition for about 10 years. Whereas almost everyone knew that Jimmy Fox's predicament was largely the result of human shortcomings that are all too common, it was heartening to observe the flood of offers that came in to solve his prob-

lem. Some of these offers, to be sure, were made out of varying degrees of self-interest, but the observation still stands that, on the whole, response to the knowledge of the sad plight of Jimmy Fox was reassuring.

It may be, though, his bust in the Hall of Fame notwithstanding, that Jimmy Fox will gain his most lasting fame as a heroic statistic in the march of social progress. If Jimmy had been a year younger, he would have started his baseball career a year later and thus he might have been eligible for the fancy new pension that he and his bat helped to create for all baseball players of the future. The pension system that would have given Jimmy Fox a handsome stipend for life went into effect just one year after Jimmy wore himself out hitting home runs. Social progress is never retroactive even though those who helped make the progress possible can only stand and watch and wait.

MATTER OF JUDGMENT

TED ATKINSON is a fine little gentleman who looks more like a country squire than one of the most successful jockeys in the country. But, like the little man on this week's cover,

Ted is master of all situations and, from his long experience in steering 1,000 pounds of horseflesh around turns, in and out of pockets and tight squeezes, he has earned the right to speak with authority on the art of race riding.

Last Thursday over dinner with friends, Ted was discussing Willie Shoemaker's mistaken judgment of the finish line in the Kentucky Derby on Gallant Fox. "Willie," said Ted, "is an old friend of mine and a fine race rider. But pulling up early like he did is absolutely inexcusable. I don't know how he could do it." Friday, Ted went out to ride Notation in the second race on Hialeah's opening-day card.

As the horses circled into the stretch Ted was second, trailing the leader by two lengths. Brandishing his whip, he roused Notation and sprung to the leader's throat. In an instant he was by him and apparently on his way to victory. But reaching the finish Atkinson stood up in the aisle and two horses tumbled past him.

Called before the stewards, Atkinson was asked whether, just like Shoemaker, he had misjudged the finish. "Nope," said Ted, "my hat dropped

continued

THEY SAID IT . . .

- JIMMY DEMARET, professional golfer: "There is absolutely no truth in the rumor that I am taking over the Texas A&M coaching job. But the way these guys have been misusing their clubs, I might be available to really put them."
- MARCEL FAULX, ex-New York Ranger goalie, on his direction to the referee: "Expenditure of energy. The demands they are making. The differences between his men. The storm it all come on me."
- TED WILLIAMS, asked if he planned to play beyond next season: "I know what I think right now, but I'm not saying." Of his outstanding performance last year when he hit .344: "I surprised even myself."
- DUDEY MOORE, Daytona beachball coach, noting that the Duke's home game with Cincinnati—and second-score Oscar Robertson—in February is already a sell-out: "Everybody wants to see Robertson—that is, everybody but me."

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continued

down over my eyes and I pulled up in confusion." The judges nodded their appreciation for such an original answer but decided to examine the film patrol pictures anyway. Then they handed down their ruling: "Jockey Ted Atkinson is fined \$100 for misjudging the finish line."

PARISIAN HEROINE

Few celebrities are lucky enough to achieve the immortality of a biography in film while still earning the plaudits of the crowd in their chosen profession. Louis Pasteur, Alexander Graham Bell, Moses, Lou Gehrig and the great Dan Patch—the most memorable harness horse who ever lived—were all pretty well washed up by the time Hollywood got to work on them.

But in Paris last week, the filmed biography of one of France's greatest heroines was packing them in at three-thirteen movie houses while the heroine herself performed for an adoring crowd at a race track just outside of town.

Thus doubly celebrated heroine was one Gellinotte, a once-wayward filly who in eight short years of life has come to be the greatest European trotting horse of the 20th century and the biggest money-making mare in the history of Continental racing.

Like that of many another heroine who might have gone wrong, Gellinotte's story was enabled by the love and attention lavished on her by a good man. The filmed tale of Gellinotte recounts with tenderness the first moments of her life when, as a feeble foal, she gambled and frolicked among the rolling green hills and fragrant apple orchards of her native Normandy. Gellinotte then shared the peace-

ful bequest of her grandfather, the famed trotter Uranie. Harassed to a sulky for the first time at Vincennes, the crude and capital of French harness racing, she plucked the track riders with her dainty heaves as gracefully and delicately as a harpist in a symphony. Alas, however, the promise was not fulfilled, for this talented debutante was as temperamental as she was spirited. Time after time in important races, she would forget her schooling and break from her carefully learned trotting pace into a wild and willful gallop. The result: disqualification.

Success followed disgrace and disgrace success in dreary redundancy until at last the career of Gellinotte, seemingly doomed to mediocrity, crossed that of Charlie Mills, the German-born son of an Irish father famed in harness racing. Here Europe's finest trainer-driver, Charlie himself had lost everything when the Russians moved into Germany at the end of World War II. At well over 40, he was just beginning to make a comeback when he met the fractious Gellinotte. "My father used to say," murmured Charlie, gazing into the filly's soft brown eyes, "that there is no such thing as a bad horse. If a horse misbehaves, there must be a reason. What we have to do is find it."

In Gellinotte's case Charlie found the reason is a skittish temperament that is the birthright of every great performer. Subjected to Charlie's own massive calm, kept in rein by his firm but gentle hands, the great trotter turned as tractable and docile as a Shetland pony. After four months' training, Charlie drove her to a win, followed in quick succession by three more. In 1954, under Charlie's hand, she won 11 races out of 11 starts. In the years since then, hailed as an idol by fansies at country fairs and city tracks, Gellinotte has managed to break every trotting record at every distance and has twice plucked the coveted Prix d'Amérique, Europe's top trotting prize, as a feather for her trainer's cap.

So much for the story of Gellinotte on film. Unfortunately, the film is not so kind to its heroine. With her film still going strong, Gellinotte, with Charlie Mills at the reins once again, trotted out on the old track at Vincennes for still another race. Bewitched by her past successes, she won in lonely grandeur a full 50 yards behind the field as the starting wires dropped. Within seconds she had outdistanced the nearest competitors, and her fans at the trackside blew fervent kisses as her mincing feet stopped along. The

DELANY RUNS TO WIN, NOT FOR RECORDS

—Maurice Bess



"Well, then, life isn't around the corner for a change."

big field of 20 horses made it impossible for Galoisette to break through. Nevertheless, drumming along at a steady gallop, she passed home after home on the outside until, at the final turn, she was one of the first five.

In a last breathless drive on the stretch, the great heroine pulled past



three of the remaining horses—only to be overtaken by the fourth, a sleek mare two years younger. For the idol of France it was probably a small satisfaction to find that she had beaten even the winner's time by three tenths of a second.

HOW TO SCORE

MANY JORDIS, University of Minnesota hockey player, complained of poor vision as he returned to the bench after scoring a goal against Michigan State. "Things seem kind of fuzzy," he complained. Inspection showed why: Jordis wears contact lenses, which is not unusual except that he had put two in one eye, none in the other. Mistake corrected, Jordis returned to the ice, scored no more goals.

SOCKS, BUSHIN AND GLOVE

ANY COMPETENT actor can drop dead, or become a father, or write a symphony six nights a week plus matinees for months on end. But in Baltimore a part-time actor and full-time cab driver named Paul Kosty is facing an unrelentingly stiff theatrical challenge. In the title role of a musical comedy called *Money Fighter* he has to fight nine rounds of real boxing at every performance.

Kosty has the boxing role because he wrote the play, and the play is about boxing because he used to fight professionally before he became a cab driver. As Paul hectorizes he won eight, drew three and lost one in preliminary bouts. "I was winning my fights, but I just couldn't get enough fights to keep eating."

Money Fighter will be performed six times, starting January 25, in a Baltimore suburb. It offers, according to publicity releases, Real Fights, Rock 'n' Roll Music—songs and music by Paul Kosty!, College Scenes, Night Club Settings, Romance and Murder. Its hero is a young middleweight named Joey Bates, who is introduced at one

point as "college champion, Olympic champion and Kathy's boy friend." Kathy, in turn, is affectionately described by Joe as "the best little college band singer this side of Macon Dixie." These two clean-living youngsters are brought to New York for exploitation by a villainous fight promoter and night-club owner named Al King, and the plot thickens from there.

Though Kosty is 32, he feels he will be convincing as young Joey. The play's three fight scenes will be staged in half a boxing ring—a triangular area with ropes on two sides and footlights on the third. Kosty swears that the fights will be real, and has had a nose pinned in *Money Fighter's* program: "In case of a knockout there will be a 10-minute intermission."

Opponents for the hero will be real fighters supplied by the Ringette Boxing Club of Baltimore. They will not be required to speak much dialogue. As for the hero, he feels that even if he is knocked out some night in Scene Two, he will still know his lines when

he regains consciousness and be able to rise and deliver them.

In the interest of dramatic pace the rounds will be shortened to a minute and a half, with 30 seconds between rounds. "After all," says Kosty, "if you've won one round of boxing without a knockout, you've won them all." There will be real seconds and a referee and fake crowd noises on a phonograph record.

"The script calls for me to win a split decision in the last-act fight," Kosty explains. "If I lose, you can call it a surprise ending. It will add to the drama. And," he adds hopefully, "he might during the same customers back the next night to see how it should have ended."

Kosty hopes, of course, that *Money Fighter* will show a profit on its Baltimore run. But even more, he hopes to sell the script to network television and retire from cab driving.

"I took what I knew about boxing, worked in my nine songs to make it a

continued



"Wedge Goulding says the reviewer stunk."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

mistral, added a murder for excitement, and that's it. *Howe, Fagles.* Sounds good, don't it? Sounds great. The mass appeal, the punch. Maybe this play will change everything."

THE UNPREDICTABLE

It is some years now since Dr. Gallup and his colleagues elected Tom Dewey president of the U.S., only to be confounded by a national of voters who preferred to play according to the old rules. Nevertheless, the urge to know the score before the game is played and runs strong. This spring psychologists at Boston University will make available to coaches and athletic directors all over the nation a testing device designed to predetermine the skill of would-be athletes.

The B.U. brain use all sorts of fancy instruments to turn their trickiest testable devices to measure peripheral vision, chrominance, to simulate its action to light, even a "maximation meter" which claims to measure a boy's desire to play the game at all.

No doubt these gadgets do show the nation's coaching minds some of things by eliminating rising mistakes. You could even, in fact, obviate the need of bushing coaches on grading football skills. Why bother to play one instance of a game when all the results are known? Future coaches will, in all likelihood, marvel over the scores of results of their teams into the arms of some vast Univac and, after a few short electronic whirrs, pull out the final score.

Among the latest startling brain ideas are the results of some future World Series which need never be played, however, there may well be a few graybeards who fondly remember the ramshackle days when great athlete personages were shuffled in the slanders of unimpeachable odds, when natural handicaps served only to spur the handicapped to greater effort. Some of them may recall the bumpy-slumped figure of baseball's Peck's Bad Boy pumping around the bases on his pipe-stem legs like an old woman chugging over out of the kitchen and wonder what a testing laboratory would have made of Babe Ruth.

What machine could have taken Yale's Mighty Atom, Albie Booth, seriously as a variety football contender? Or paused for long over his most formidable Ivy League opponent, Harvard's backboarded studious scrumptiously polished gentle Barry Wood. The

trouble with Barry, of course, was that he was obliged to concentrate on what he did want, and that was he got pretty good at everything. Playing the game on a larger field, two boys named Roosevelt managed to rack up a satisfactory score despite unsatisfactory odds. It was certainly not the unexpected predictability of pure success that prompted sickly young Theodore to face down the athletes that blighted his boyhood or that urged Franklin D. to build anew on the crippling polio scars that blighted his promising political career in early manhood.

If memory serves, recent sporting history reveals more than one prediction-confounding champion—a golfer with a crippled arm, two tennis champs who began the long, hard climb to the top at an age when most of their contemporaries were coasting downhill. The world's newest swimming champion, Australia's lumbay immigrant grifter, Ian Van, the Komodo, was sometimes rated out of the running during a year-long spell of illness preceding her greatest triumph. And against the most remarkable and unexpected run, the Miracle Mile at Vancouver in 1954, finished two sprinters who should have been home in bed, since one was racked with the fever of a mummy and the other had a slashed foot.

According to H. G. Wells, the warrens of ancient China maintained their forces sent out spies to check up on each other, and then called a conference to decide who was to have the fight that was never fought. It might just be that the Year of the Sportsbirds is not the best time to resurrect this old custom in either world affairs or the sports arena. There will, it is



BOB, THAT IS

She says her Bob-bobbing is correct. But found it a difficult job. Twinkled the run to the bottom. Without raising eyebrows. Bob.

—Don Hutz

based, still so many on the athletic front who will cheer loudest of all for the shortstop with barrel vision, the 4-foot-5 basketball forward, the sprinter with two left feet, and the pale vaulter who can't stand heights.

NEAR NEIGHBORS

Two: National Audubon Society's Christmas bird count brought out, as it does nearly every year, some examples of perseverance and pure grit that would do credit to a quarterback or a big-game hunter. One woman, trailing in her report from northern Canada, explained apologetically that she had stayed out from daylight to dark, all right, but hadn't seen many birds because the temperature was 38° below zero.

In Florida, a team directed by Alan Crooksman, 81, Jan. 10, 1954, spotted 183 species in the 24-hour period. This is the largest number ever sighted at a single location in this or any other year. The location: Cape Canaveral, Fla. Part of the bird-counting area borders directly on the rocket-launching site. But the arrival—and the fierce departures—of the winged masters of space had no noticeable effect on the birds of the air.

JAMMING SESSION

Two weeks ago, the Federal Communications Commission gave the pay TV pioneers a go-ahead for a three-year tryout on condition that the test channels continue to carry some educational station. Last week the House Commerce Committee began hearings on the whole question of pay TV.

There's pretty hard, political stuff and we couldn't be interested at a secret for the fact that pay television was an integral part of the plans of sports promoters.

For anybody who is worrying how soon it may be before he has to begin to shell out to watch baseball, boxing, pro football and the like, it may be worth noting that the Columbia Broadcasting System is one of the supposed jamming seeds professionals can be thrown a party in Washington just as Congress was convening. CBS was one of 240 Senators, Congressmen and their wives, Dave Martin, and several thick film mignon, the legislators were treated to personal-appearance performances ranging from Pat's Page to Phil Silvers. A CBS band played state songs. "If you want it," the sports and communications people to be paying, "we've got it—and it's free!"

WHAT DOES A BUM LOOK LIKE?

Back in the old days every one knew what a Dodger looks like, thanks to cartoonist Willard Muller of the *New York Herald-Tribune* and *Say* and Ick, who did for Brooklyn's abandoned Barn what Gilbert Stuart did for George Washington.

Maybe the old boy has altered since he went west—or maybe he's just been moving around so much that nobody on the Coast has had a good look. At any rate, as shown by these pictures, California's artists are having a hard time catching a Dodger.



BUCKLE IN THE "N.Y. TIMES"



WELL IN THE "HERALD NEWS"



WELCOME DODGER IN THE "EVENING"



WELCOME IN THE "HERALD EXPRESS"

REARRANGED, back at home, the boys who knew how to Muller and Ick of the *New York Daily News* will surely remember the Dodger and Ick. If there isn't any more out there, what he looks like now looks a Californian, at least that's how what he should look like, a Californian and Ick. Particulars, not of the Rockies are too-with invited to return thoughtfully to their work.



WELCOME IN THE "N.Y. DAILY NEWS"

MUSICAL CHAIRS (CONT.)



OFF TO TEXAS A&M TO MEET COACH ERDELAZ, AGES MARSH BRIDGEMAN AND JONES

THE FOOTBALL SEASON is supposed to be over, but half the news on the sports pages last week seemed devoted to football coaches—the game of musical chairs took to the air, and those coaches not for the moment hunting new jobs sang out on the subject of the new two-point conversion rule (see opposite page). By far the most enlightening event of the week was the journey of Navy Coach Eddie Erdelatz and a retinue of three assistants to Texas A&M to scout one of the finest empty-chair situations in football (SI, Jan. 20). “I had hoped it could have been done without any publicity,” Eddie said later, but on departure from Washington Airport Monday morning he and his staff posed smiling on the ramp of a DC-7 like a squad of congressmen off for a European junket. Their mission became the subject of coast-to-coast speculation before their plane had crossed the Mississippi.

At Dallas’ Love Field a few hours later, after a short interview with the press, the Erdelatz Mission took off for A&M in the twin-engine Beechcraft of an A&M alumnus. Alighting near College Station, Erdelatz, interviewed again, told the press: “Money is no factor—but I’ll tell you one thing: I’m not a rich man.” Before



CAGUS JACK CURTIS, who has been appointed interim football coach, answers phone in his old Bush office. “It’s funny how important a coach gets all of a sudden,” he mused. “It’s tough to leave. Kind of makes me feel like a sheep-killer dog.”

TEXAS A&M (random spot left) at week's end was still looking for a football coach.

MUSICAL COACHES: THAT NEW RULE

heading for the main interviews, he ordered his aides to fan out across town, pick up whatever intelligence they could and report back to him.

They met again over steak dinner, seven hours later, in a mutually head-shaking mood. Next day they flew back to Annapolis.

"They've got these two groups down there," Eddie said later. "They got this faculty group and then they got another group opposite that. . ."

The faculty group is the Faculty Athletic Council, which theoretically selects and recommends a coach to A&M's board of directors. The other group was the Athletic Committee, an alumni subcommittee of the board which wanted a good coach with a big name. The Faculty Council just wanted a good coach.

While the Faculty Council was interviewing Good Coach Jim Myers of Iowa State in the job, Athletic Committeemen flew to Washington to sound out Big Name Erdelatz. The board was prepared to give Myers the job when the news leaked that Erdelatz was flying down. Dazzled by Erdelatz's eminence and eloquence, the board gave Myers an opportunity to withdraw, which the disgruntled young coach, who had been assured he was the only one being considered, promptly did. "I liked A&M," Myers said, "but they hurt me more than anything that's ever happened to me. I don't know what's going on down there and I don't think they do either."

After Eddie and his scouts looked around, it seemed that way to them, too. "The division of athletic authority scared me," Eddie said.

An A&M official had another explanation: "With Myers out of the picture, suddenly Erdelatz became very hard to get. He thought he should get more money. He didn't like this kick town. He wasn't satisfied because there wasn't any parochial schools for his boys. He was suddenly a precious commodity."

At week's end, A&M had neither a Good Coach nor a Name Coach.

Meanwhile, at the University of Utah where, rarely enough, he coached under a mere verbal agreement, Cactus Jack Curtlee acknowledged he had just signed a five-year contract with Standard, the other big empty chair in coaching. He gathered his Utah squad about him. "Kekokoma," he said tenderly, "I hate to leave . . . but wherever I go, I'll still be Cactus Jack."

The NCAA Rules Committee's decision to revise the point-after-touchdown rule in college football (two points if the ball is rushed or passed over) drew a cacophonous chorus of reaction from some of the nation's leading coaches last week. Some of the choice comments are recorded below. For Berman Hickman's analysis of new rules and their likely effect, see page 48.

Discontented Duffy

Daughter of Michigan State: "Why not make touchdowns scored from the 10-yard line count six points, from outside the 40 count six points, and from beyond the 40 eight points. That would have opened up the game if that's what they want. It was wrong for the NCAA Rules Committee to arbitrarily shove something through like this rule. They have just about killed the place-kick in college."



Moderate Earl Bick

of Ariz.: "I think the new rule will add more excitement to an exciting game. Certainly it will be of more interest to the spectators, good for apartment and retired quarterbacks and a real headache to coaches. The inevitable question will be, should the coach have gone for the win or the tie. The rule merely increases the coach's occupational hazards and is, I think, a good trick for the game."



Emphatic Forest Kneibisch

of Iowa: "I don't think the rule is too bad. . . . We're going to try hundreds of kicks from the three-yard line to seeing practice. We also will even up our teams and run every type of play we have from the three. We'll catalog the results, figure the percentage and give them to our quarterback. . . . The new rule emphasizes my thought that college football is going away from the coaches."



Indignant Terry Brennan

of Notre Dame: "It's ridiculous. You have to sit hard down any spot on the field to get six points. Now you get two more by going only three yards. . . . But we'll just have to see how it works out. It's in effect now, we can't do anything about it. We'll have to abide by it. I think most of the teams that score first will go for the two points; they won't want to be down 6-7."



Point-minded Ted Sanders

of UCLA: "We expect the public to pay for football and all of the public want to like the rule. The public, you will agree, is entitled to some opinion on these things. I have not talked to a single layman who didn't like it. Two, a point I think should be brought out is that the better team will have the advantage. It will be better able to negotiate that three yards than the poorer team."



Unbowed Jordan Oliver

of Wake: "I'm disgusted. It's an unimportant change. It puts an even pressure on kicking at punting and virtually eliminates kicking. We Ivy League coaches have been thinking of restoring emphasis to the kicking phase of the game by returning the goal post to the goal line. The Ivy schools recommended this unanimously. . . . This is the worst bunch of rules the rule-makers have ever come up with."



Subliminal Donald Greenblatt

of Michigan (whose boss, Fritz Crisler, promoted the change): "I think it will be an exciting deal. The coach will have to second-guess himself and the fans, and the fans, of course, will second-guess him and by and large it will be very interesting. I think some of the coaches who oppose the rule now will change their minds about it later, once they get a chance to live with the situation."



Democratic Art Gump

of Vanderbilt: "When—and if—we score a touchdown, I might just stand up on our bench and signal the stands that we will attempt to pun the ball for the two points. I suggest their applause—or their boos. Then I'll signal a possible run and then a kick. Whichever suggestion finds the most favor, that's what I'll do. Then there should be no second-punting in our democratic country where the majority rules."





SCOTCH of St. Andrews distinguishes the ensemble of one operator whose tartan tie and rum-soaked head paragoned golf



FASHIONS RECORDED BY THE TV CAMERA INCLUDED A COLORFUL

REAL LOOK OF THE CROSBY

BING CROSBY invented the relaxed style of entertainment as well as the Bing Crosby golf tournament on California's Monterey Peninsula. National television was on hand for the tournament's annual renewal the other day, and what it caught was a blend of natural relaxation and rehearsed fashions. Bing was relaxed. The golf was relaxed—most of it, in

TIGHT PANTS, a knee-sweater and a good-looking skinner cover all necessities.



CARDIGAN SWEATER big enough for one or big enough for two from this viewpoint.

BROTHER BOB Crosby likes his shirt long and loose. His stripes running up and down.





COTTON PRINT DRESS ON A WELL-SHAPED BUT SAVINGER MODEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NED STERN



CRUSHED ALPACA reminds the model's owner of one young man who may or may not strangle his lady if put to sleep short.

fact, was strictly of the Sunday-afternoon-with-too-much-dinner variety. The fashion demonstration came off pretty well in a style show partly described by pretty Kathy Grant Crosby; despite chilly weather the models posed sweetly. But here, caught unaware by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s camera, are Bing's guests as they reflected the authentic sporting look of stylish Americans at play.



GETTIE GIBB copies the most elegant in a Tynan-but and her long earflaps.

LEATHER JACKET to keep off the wind will warm this sports fan on the links home.



BROTHER EDGAR (Eisenhower, that is) has "bellow" pockets for carrying power.



SETTING OFF FOR SNOW RIDGE, LEWIS AND WIFE LEAD A STEAMING LUNCH

HONEST-TO-GOSH FAMILY BUS

OUT of tiny Beaver Falls, N.Y. (pop. 640) one day last week, a diesel bus roared down snow-banked Highway 22. At the wheel, under a visored cap, sat Jim Lewis, president of a paper mill. In the rear, sending a steam table, was his wife Tony. And restless in their seats sat 22 non-paying passengers, the Beaver Falls "Eskiburns." For bus and boys (aged 6 to 17) it was a winter weekend like any other: they were headed for a ski slope. Lewis began regular ski trips for his three sons and other town boys six years ago, last winter bought the 1948 bus for \$3,600 to accommodate the growing crowd. So far, it has ticked off some 3,500 miles to Snow Ridge, Lake Placid and Saranac Lake. Says Lewis: "We started the whole thing hoping we could generate a competitive ski spirit among Beaver Falls' schoolboys. From the looks of things, I think we're succeeding."



"ESKIBURNS" BRUSH OUT GEAR AT SNOW RIDGE



THE SKI-WAY ROUTE



BRACKET FROM DISTANT COACH LINE. BLUE AND YELLOW BUS ON THE "SKI-WAY ROUTE." LEWIS BOYS SUGGESTED THE SIGN ALTERATION



FROM OUTLET-TO WARDEN. They arrive but soon find the observance dictated by boys' parents. They live, for example, five miles from school.

OVERTIME BAGGAGE BATH was converted to ski racks, now holds 42 pairs. Skis also has heavy-duty heaters to thaw out boots during breaks.

LEWIS' SON LARRY, 9, breaks down slope at Snow Ridge. Older "Ski-bus," noting his style, have nicknamed him Francis.



Willie Shoemaker: Way Up But Not Shook Up

by JOE HIRSCH

IT IS Willie Shoemaker's great distinction that as one of the foremost members of a profession that abhors its chilly little men, he is the chilliest of the chilly. Shoemaker, more than any other rider in the country, is emotionally equipped to cope with outrageous misfortune or unparalleled success—and both have been his lot—with unruffled aplomb. At the moment this young man, who prefers coming from behind in his races, is enjoying a quick and spectacular dash to the front in his duel for riding honors with America's two other premier jockeys—Eddie Arcaro and Willie Hartsack. Shoemaker, on his happy Santa Anita hunting grounds, started the new season locked in a riding contest with Arcaro and the West Coast's newest sensation, young Manuel Ycaza. But when Eddie went to the sidelines with a leg injury recently, he also gave Shoe clear sailing to still another Santa Anita title, and in the meeting's first 18 days he popped down in front 31 times. Moonville Hartsack, testing his shoes in Florida, had to wait for his 29th ride of the new year before he could make his first visit to the winner's circle.

Shoemaker took his early success with his customary cool detachment, and there was no visible change in his appearance or manner last Saturday when he suffered what must have been a bitter disappointment: he was sent down for five days for careless riding, thus becoming ineligible for the rich Santa Anita Maturity this weekend. Shoemaker has been scheduled to ride

Hotter than ever and, as usual, well ahead of the field, the cool, calm Shoe has recently added a three-week California string to his list of wins. His secret: natural talent and his magic hands

Travis Kerr's Round Table in the year's first \$100,000 stake. The combination almost certainly would have been an odds-on favorite, and victory would have meant a substantial addition to Shoemaker's 1953 income. The horde of Californians who back Shoe's mounts regardless of odds were indignant, but Shoemaker himself has survived some blows with equanimity. On the word of no less an authority than The Master himself, Eddie Arcaro, there isn't a jockey extant who could have faced up to the outcome of last spring's Kentucky Derby (when Willie, for an instant, mistook the 18th pole for the finish) with a greater degree of self-control than this 4-foot 11-inch, 26-year-old Texan, whom many in racing regard as the finest rider in the sport today.

Proof at Louisville

"He's the only boy I know who could have suffered that kind of experience in a race like the Derby and not go to pieces," Arcaro says. "Any other jock might have gone off his rocker from the pressure, and certainly would have had a hard time riding winners again. That's why the little son of a gun is going to go on and on. His disposition is great."

If it appears that Arcaro is a Shoemaker fan, the impression is correct. The Master has been a booster for a long time—ever since Shoemaker came to New York in 1933 and outbroke and outwon the best jockeys in America. Shoemaker may have found this big

splash a heady experience, but if so, nothing in his behavior betrayed any inner elation. Absolutely nothing stirred him and he takes everything in stride. This includes national riding championships, now that he feels he has proven himself by winning two of them.

It has been Shoemaker's policy over the past few seasons to go on extended vacations in the fall, rather than prove his powerful battle with Willie Hartsack for the riding crown. "Times are nice to win," Shoe says, "but I can't get roused about them any more. If I do well enough during the season to be in front after the important fall races in the East, I imagine I would protect my lead. But to keep slugging away if I have ground to make up doesn't appeal to me any more."

People who don't know Shoe will occasionally will be offended when he greets them after a long absence as though he had seen them yesterday. Even in the heat of competition, when tempers are inclined to flare, Shoemaker rarely is upset. Rather he is more inclined to take a boy aside later and say, "Jock, you bothered me on that turn. Let's watch that stuff." These quiet reminders usually suffice to prevent repetition of untoward incidents.

Yet despite his unemotional approach to life, or perhaps because of it, Shoemaker's entire professional career has bordered on the gaudy. Consider that in the nine seasons that he has been active, from 1949 through 1957, Willie has been either first or second

continued



AT HOME IN ARCADEA, near Santa Anna, Sherrasser beams with glacial 7-month-old daughter Sheryl on his knee as his wife Vir-

gilia and 3-year-old Johnny smile with obvious approval. Lining the bookcase are riding trophies acquired over nine years.

Willie Shoemaker

continued

leading rider of North America eight times. Since he broke his maiden at Golden Gate Fields in California on April 30, 1949 through January 14 of this year, Shoemaker has ridden 2,990 winners, an average of better than 330 per season.

Shoe now stands sixth on the all-time list of winning riders in this country. A fair evaluation of his talents can be made from the fact that it took Ralph Noveck, in fifth place, 24 seasons to ride 26 more winners, while it took Steve Broder, in seventh place, 29 seasons to ride 30 less winners. At the rate Shoemaker is going, and because of his physical and mental equipment, knowledgeable people in racing believe he is the only jockey in the country who has even a remote chance of approaching Johnny Longden's world record of 3,640 winners, accumulated in 31 seasons of competition.

In addition to being the leading U.S. rider two years and tying Joe Colborne with 368 in a third season, Shoemaker has been the leading money-winning rider three times and recorded the best percentage of modern times in 1964 when he rode 380 winners out of 1,251 mounts for an average of .49. Any mark above .50 is racing's equivalent of a .300 batting average in baseball. A mark of .49, when a rider has accepted more than 1,000 mounts, must be considered a more difficult accomplishment than batting .400. Willie also holds the all-time single-season mark of riding 385 winners (in 1964). Only another jockey—Harmon—has ever passed the 400 point.

Shoemaker, whose achievements now nationwide in scope although he spends most of his time in California, has been leading rider at the Santa Anita and Hollywood Park meetings almost every year that he has been active. At Hollywood Park last summer he rode 18 more winners than runner-up Longden.

What makes Shoemaker as successful as he is? Aside from his imperturbable disposition, Arcene points to his hands as perhaps the most important factor. Sensitive hands are as necessary to a jockey as they are to a violinist, and James Stern has nothing in this line on Shoemaker. "The better riders," says Arcene, "can feel the slightest message from a horse's mouth. Hands enable a jockey to know what a horse is trying to tell him. If a rider is heavy-handed, he is out of communion with his mount, and this subtle weakness often means the difference between vic-

tory and defeat, particularly in important races. Shoemaker takes such a light hold of a horse that he could probably ride with silk threads for reins; that's the kind of hands he has."

His hands aside, Shoemaker operates under serious physical disadvantages. His size, for one thing, weighs him. Stripped, he doesn't weigh much more than 100 pounds, if that, although he's trying to build himself up a bit. He doesn't have the strength of an Arcene or a Hartack, and he can't take a home back quite as hard as many boys, so rate off the pace. Here his sensitive hands and his thorough professional



GOLF VETERAN of five years, Shoe's even temper helps keep him—last season—top on.

knowledge often compensate, however. Then, too, he can't hit a horse quite as hard as most of our top jockeys, but he has learned how to make maximum use of the physical resources at his disposal, and his whipping is probably as effective as anybody's.

Speaking of the weight, there is an age-old argument in racing as to "live weight," or the person of the jockey, versus "dead weight," in the form of lead slabs, which are placed in pocketed cloths under the saddle to help bring the weight a horse must carry up to the amount assigned by the handicapper. Many horses now have gone on record as preferring live weight because a jockey can shift his bulk around as the occasion demands. Many others, including

veterans Preston Burch and Max Baer, believe that dead weight, tied down, is more effectively carried because it isn't shifting around.

Shoemaker himself recalls an incident when, as an apprentice in his first year of riding, he was given the important assignment of piloting Louis W. Mayer's great mare, Honeyman, now rare at Del Mar. "She was carrying something like 130 pounds that day, if I remember," he says, "and I was doing about 93 or 94 pounds when I had the bug [the five-pound apprentice allowance]. The valet came staggering out of the jock's room with about 35 pounds of lead in the pad and could barely lift it over the horse's back. It was quite a sight and everyone burst out laughing." Many of Shoe's stakes mounts still carry a lot of lead, but as far as Arcene is concerned, Bill's success has definitely settled the argument.

The Longden influence

If Shoemaker has adapted himself to compensate for his physical limitations, he has also worked on his riding technique to overcome one of the greatest obstacles in the path of California jockeys—Johnny Longden. Many Easterners fail to realize that Longden, at present sidelined and recuperating from a broken leg, has had a great deal to do with shaping the course of West Coast horsemanship over the past three decades. Longden likes to ride on the front end—he wants the lead any time he can get it, and he usually gets it. From the lead, he not only stays out of trouble, but can frequently govern the strategy of a race to his advantage. He can move in toward the rail if someone is trying to come past him on the outside, or he can drift out slightly and cause his pursuers to lose ground coming around him. Naturally he tries to remain well within the rules which govern the position of horses on the track, but nevertheless he is usually the boss when he's riding in front.

Because of Longden, Shoemaker was forced to learn the highly skilled art of coming off the pace, and Bill's natural childlike helpfulness in polishing this technique to perfection. Shoe can get away from the gate with the best of them, but after he picks a position, he rarely hurries a horse during the early part of a race. Rather he prefers to let his mount settle into his best stride before beginning a big move, and many horses appreciate not being rushed before they are ready to run.

Once he begins his move, Shoemaker will pass firing horses, usually outside.

continued

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Willie Shoemaker

continued

"After I start my run," he says, "I don't want to have to check my horse because there's another horse in front of him. Horses tend to stink when you have to pull them up to go around. I'd rather sacrifice ground and make my bid on the outside, where there is usually plenty of racing room and a horse can have a clear shot at the wire." Of course, if he's on a speed horse, Shoe runs side and rate on the lead as well as any jockey. He's not afraid to come through on the rail when the opportunity presents itself, either. But because Longden is almost invariably on the lead in California, Shoe has found that the longest way around is often the shortest way home.

Shoemaker is not given to overblatancy on the whip, a fault of many boys. He has learned to stick effectively when it is needed, but prefers to shake a horse up a bit along the backstretch to get him moving and then rely on his sensitive hands to hold his mount together in the critical stretch drive. Occasionally he'll shake his whip in front of his mount to keep the horse's mind on his business, and once a horse has seen the whip and felt skating, another sight of it is frequently more effective than continued lashing.

As a matter of fact, when Shoe started riding, he couldn't finish on a horse at all. He didn't have the strength, and other jockeys were quick to take advantage of him. During the summer of 1948, when Hollywood Park burned down and that meeting was transferred to Santa Anita, Shoe's agent and adviser, Harry Silbert, took him to Caliente, just across the border in Baja California, to ride on Sundays. At Caliente the boys played a little rougher in those days; there was no firm parcel and Shoe had to learn how to take care of himself in a drive. He credits that experience with being an important factor in his eventual success.

At the same time, Shoe was careful to avoid picking up any bad riding habits at Caliente. He remains to this day one of the cleanest riders ever to pull a best on in this country. He has taken out on many a horse when he knew he didn't have a chance, to give a boy on the inside of him a decent break, this in paradoxical contrast to his chilly rides. Because of his frequent displays of quiet consideration, he is immensely popular with his colleagues. In a business where great success frequently results in great jealousies, Shoemaker, like Arcene, is fair-

ly unique in the esteem in which he is held by his fellow riders throughout the country.

The Shoe was born William Lee Shoemaker on August 19, 1931, at Palmdale, Texas, near El Paso. His parents separated and were divorced when he was too young to remember very much about it. Shoe's father worked in a cottonseed mill in Palmdale, but with the outbreak of World War II the family moved to a suburb of Los Angeles where his father went to work in an aircraft factory. Bill, who was 10 at the time, finished grade school there and then attended El Monte High School.

"I used to listen to the radio at night after school," he recalls. "They'd re-create the races at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. I got the idea that because of my size I could be a jockey. I knew a girl at El Monte High who was dating a rider—I forgot his name—and he recommended me for a job at a horse farm nearby." The farm was the Sany Q Ranch, owned by Thomas W. Simmons, a noted West Coast horseman, breeder and a former president of Hollywood Park. Shoe remained at Sany Q for about a year, learning the fundamentals, mucking out stalls, breaking yearlings. It was a sound educational foundation.

The final contract

"After I figured I knew a little about horses," he says, "I left to get a job at the race track. Hunt Philpot, who trained the stable of the late Charles Howard, hired me as an exercise boy. I was about 14 at the time. But Philpot didn't ship to Del Mar that summer, so I left him to hunt for another job down there. I galloped horses free-lance for a while and then hooked up with an old horseman named George Reeves, who was training a string for Mrs. Theodor Stued. Reeves put me under contract to Mrs. Stued."

Reeves wisely kept Shoemaker from competition for almost a year—the boy was still learning—and Bill didn't get up to ride until April of 1949. Silbert, a friend of Reeves, was his agent from the beginning and has handled him natively throughout his career. A native New Yorker who made the engagements for a number of riders in the East at one time, Silbert went to California with Sammy Benick, in later years noted for his work in television and the movies. When Benick retired, Silbert took the back of Lester Balasko, a prominent rider and Jockey's Guild leader on the West Coast, until Shoemaker came along.

Once the lessons he learned at Cal-



WINNING STYLE. Jockey Willie Shoemaker (left) riding his horse, "The Shoe," during a race at Hollywood Park.

iente had sunk in, Shoemaker was an almost immediate success. In his first season, 1949, he was the second leading rider of the country, with 219 wins to Gordon Glimmer's 270. The following year he got off to another fine start and he and Silbert decided to shoot for the national title. A young rider on the East Coast, Joe Culverne, also had designs on the crown, and the two boys engaged in a bitter struggle that continued right down to the final day of the year. December 31 fell on a Sunday, and with no racing in the States, Culverne went to Oriental Park in Havana, where he rode three winners. Shoemaker went to Caliente, and he, too, scored with three mounts. The two deadlocked for the season at 335 winners, matching the previous all-time record set by Walter Miller back in 1946.

In 1951 Shoemaker was the second leading rider behind Charley Barr and in 1952 was runner-up to Tony Desprits. In 1953 he set an alltime record for winners with 485, highlighted by the 87 victories he scored in 59 racing days at Hollywood Park. That mark of 485 winners looks like Babe Ruth's record of 60 home runs—it may be broken some day, but few people are prepared to say just how or when.

Actually, Shoemaker probably could have reached the 500 mark that season quite easily. He took off the final week of the Bay Meadows meeting to prepare for the Santa Anita season just ahead. He might have gone down to Caliente on a few Sundays and certainly would have ridden a few win-



—Jockeyman Shoemaker mounted his horses for racing soon by taking to the outside

ren on that track's 10-race cards. But Shoe, in a gesture that again contrasts with his failure to display emotion, told Silbert, "Those boys at Caliente get to ride only once a week. I'm doing good now and I don't think it would be quite right for me to go down there and earn money they could probably use a lot more than I can. The 500 wins aren't that important to me."

The great one

Shoe had ridden a lot of good horses, but never a great one, before he got up on Swaps for the first time, in December of 1964 at Santa Anita. Most top riders will handle a really great horse at some stage of their careers. Arato had Citation and Nashua, Longden had Count Fleet, Atkinson had Tom Fool, Guerin had Native Dancer; now Shoemaker had his chance. John Burson, who was riding most of Rex Ellsworth's stock and who had handled Swaps in his early races at 2, went off on missionary service for the Mormon Church, and Shoe won with Swaps for the first time on December 31, capturing an all-important by-a-nose, Ellsworth and Trainer Milt Tenney could see that Shoe fitted the rangy chestnut perfectly and asked him to ride the colt in the Santa Anita Derby in February. But Shoe had been given a prior call to ride Blue Ruler in the race, and so Longden handled Swaps that afternoon and won with him—Shoe and Blue Ruler finishing third.

However, when Tenney began to point Swaps for the Kentucky Derby, he signed Shoemaker for the mount.

Despite an injured knee suffered in a spill at Golden Gate the week before the Derby, Shoe and Silbert went to Louisville in time for Shoe to ride Swaps in a prep race at Churchill Downs. "You have to have a race over that track if you want to win the big one," Calumet's Dan and Jimmy Jones have maintained for years, and Shoemaker and Swaps again proved that the Jones Boys know what they're talking about. Swaps finished first for all the money the following weekend, with Nashua eating his dust behind.

As for the match race, later that summer at Washington Park in Chicago, Shoemaker maintains that he could tell after the first few strides that his horse wasn't right, a fact Swaps's owners may have suspected before sending him to the post. At the same time, I recall having dinner with Bill and Silbert in Baltimore that fall, when Shoe had come to Laurel to ride in the Washington, D.C., International. Sitting around a table and rehabbing the match, Bill said slowly, "If I ever get in another two-horse race like that, you can bet I'll be first out of the gate. I didn't realize how important it was until Eddie showed me in Chicago."

Of all the races that Shoemaker has ridden on Swaps, the one he selects as the colt's best was the American Handicap at Hollywood Park on July 4, 1966. "He had a cracked heel coming up to the race," Shoe recalls, "and it was bleeding a little that day. I had to shake him up along the backstretch, which is something I never used to do

of a horse that Arato believed he could probably ride using silk threads for reins.

before. But he went on to win from Mister Gas and Bobby Brecato, two top horses, and he equaled the world's record that afternoon with a 1:06¹/₄ for the mile and an eighth.

"You know," Shoe continues, "when Swaps broke his leg in New Jersey in the fall of 1968, it was quite a blow in more ways than one. Ellsworth and Tenney were planning to let me set him down and run against time in one race, to see how fast he could really go. I was usually easing him up at the end of most of his races so that they wouldn't pile too much weight on him the next time."

Home life and golf

Shoemaker and his wife Virginia make their home in a pleasant, ranch-style house in Arcadia, Calif., not too far from Santa Anita. Shoe married Ginny in June of 1960, when he was 19 and she was 17. His brother-in-law was dating Ginny's sister and he got Bill a date with Ginny. They took to each other from the start and Shoe would disappear on weekends, driving to San Francisco to be with his girl. Ten months after their first date they were married. They now have two children, both adopted. The boy, Johnny, is 3 while Sheryl, the girl, is only 5 months old, and Bill enjoys playing with them. The Shoemakers don't party much when they are living at home, preferring to watch television or visit with neighbors and friends from the race track.

About five years ago, Shoe started

continued

Willie Shoemaker

continued

to play golf. He found he was meant for the game. His even temper prevents him from blowing up after a bad shot and his competitive spirit has forced him to improve his game until now he is regularly in the low 80s and has cracked the 70s on more than one occasion. "I play a lot with Eddie (Arcaro) during the Santa Anita meeting," Bill says. "We can get in maybe nine holes in the morning before we go to the jockeys' room, which is just about enough. I find that walking around the course in the fresh air is very relaxing and, of course, Eddie and I kid each other about our games. He's a terrible galter, too, when he wants to be—when there's money on the line, just like he is in the afternoon."

When he started riding, Shoemaker was painfully shy. He rarely opened his mouth, first because he was afraid he'd say the wrong thing, and second because his teeth were in dire need of repair. He frequently would receive orders from a trainer in the paddock and fail to utter a word in response. "What kind of stupid kid is this?" many horsemen asked in those early days. "He

don't say 'boo.' He just stands there and looks at you." But after some dental work, and with the confidence that comes with success, Bill gradually grew out of his shell, and if he still isn't a Neil Coward, he at least voices a good many opinions in the course of conversation. For one thing, he disagrees somewhat with Ellsworth and Tenney, who have been quoted as saying that horses have little intelligence. "Intelligence is what makes a good horse," Shoe maintains. "I've seen them demonstrate common sense time after time in a race."

Shoemaker is well fixed financially. He was one of the first jockeys to come under the so-called "Cogan Law" in California, whereby minors are forced to save a large portion of their incomes under strict supervision of the courts. Superior Court Judge A. S. Scott of Los Angeles took a particular interest in Bill, and when Shoe turned 21 he had about \$80,000 in cash saved, most of which he invested wisely. There were times, during his minority, when he was a little short of ready money, particularly when he and Ginny came to New York in 1951. The handful of dollars he was allotted each day didn't go very far on big city prices,

but now he feels it was all for the best.

Shoemaker is insured for \$200,000 and will have a paid-up annuity of \$100,000 by the time he is 30. He also owns a piece of valuable property near Riverside, Calif., in partnership with the noted horseman Tiny Naylor, which nets them a monthly rental of \$1,000. In addition, he recently went into partnership with Ellsworth on a 200,000-acre cattle ranch near Seligman, Ariz. The property cost about \$1,500,000 and Shoe invested nearly a quarter of a million for his part.

In 1957 Shoemaker's mounts earned about \$2½ million, and it is safe to assume that a top jockey earns roughly 10% of his mounts' winnings. Naturally, taxes take a good portion of this income, and most leading riders find it very difficult to save much cash. Like Arcaro and the others, Shoe is continually looking for solid investments, and at present is in the formative stages of entering the oil business under the supervision of Ralph Lowe, the owner of Gallant Man.

"Like a shoemaker"

As his off-track and family life demonstrates, Shoemaker has a great deal of character underneath that icy facade. When he was put on the spot of choosing between Gallant Man and Round Table for the Terris Martin cup at Garden State Park this past fall, he went with the former because of Ralph Lowe's sportsmanship in overlooking his costly error in the Derby. Shoe is a director and active participant in Jockeys' Guild activities on the West Coast, and several seasons ago he received the coveted George Woolf Memorial Trophy from the California turf writers for his sportsmanlike conduct and professional excellence.

A sound sleeper, Shoemaker is almost always in excellent health. With no weight worries, he eats whatever he wants and can pack away a surprisingly big steak for his size. He reads the trade papers and magazines thoroughly, and is a diligent student of the past performances in the Daily Racing Form. Each evening he studies the records of the horses he is to ride and compete against on the next day's program.

Before Bill was ever heard of, when a jockey put up a poor performance on a horse, race track terminology of ancient but unknown origin had him "riding like a shoemaker." These days a top exhibition will draw the admiring comment, "He rode that one like Shoemaker." There is no higher praise in the profession. (E.B.B.)



IN THE JOCKEY ROOM between races, Shoemaker, Santa Anita's leading rider, listens attentively to Eddie Arcaro, his close friend, frequent golf opponent and No. 1 adviser.

TIP FROM THE TOP



from **BILLY BURKE**
The Champion of Tees, the Island

THE LEFT HAND IN CHIPPING

In executing chip shots, many golfers think primarily about the action of the right arm. I have them concentrate on the left. It should hug the body and be kept straight. Then you don't have to worry about the right arm because, if the left is performing correctly, the right will have to function correctly, close to the body. This prevents shank shots. It's when the hands rove away from the body that the shank of the club meets the ball.

On the chip shot, the left arm pulls down. As you strike the ball, you should feel yourself hitting against the left arm, which acts as a brake for the right. At the bottom of the swing, as the ball is contacted, stop the hands sharply, but let the clubhead continue on through. This action gives you backspin without your having to labor at it.

This same method can be used for any chip shot from 10 to 70 yards off the green. Distance is regulated by the length of the backswing. You increase or shorten your backswing depending on how far you want to hit the ball. But whatever the distance, you stop the hitting action of your hands at the bottom of the swing and then let the clubhead swing through on its momentum alone.



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CARDS ON THE TABLE

by CHARLES GOREN

Those Fine Italian Hands

It was only a year ago, as the more dedicated bridge disciples will recall, that a team of Italian players landed on our shores and gave us a close look at their complex new system of bidding. I might even—without much fear of contradiction—call it the most complex system now in vogue among the leading players. Let anyone should doubt its powers, let it be remembered that the Italians made off with the world bridge championship.

During the next couple of weeks we are going to get more of the same as the eighth World Championship Contract Bridge Team Match opens in Lake Como, Italy on January 25th, with three competing teams and one foregone conclusion.

The three teams: Europe, again represented by last year's world title winners, Italy; the United States, represented by the winners of last year's National Masters' Team title; and, for the first time in the history of the world event, South America, represented by its champions from Argentina.

The foregone conclusion: During this next week, most Americans who read reports on the world tourney in their daily newspapers will be tearing their hair.

Let me hasten to say that this is not a prediction of disaster for the strong lineup that won the right to play for the United States by taking the round-robin event in Pittsburgh last summer: B. Jay Becker, John R. Crawford, George Kapes, Alvin Roth, Sidney Silodor and Tobias Stone. I am counting on them to break a streak of three straight wins by the European champions and bring us our

fifth leg on the Bermuda Bowl, the world title trophy that has gone back to Europe for the past three years. And I have not forgotten that, to do this, they must whip the identical Italian powerhouse that handed me and my teammates such a tremendous thumping in taking the '87 world championship.

What is bound to trouble the topminds of American readers and make them wonder if the players or the lineups have gone berserk is the weird-seeming Italian bidding. All of the Italian players use highly artificial bids and, to add further complication, each of the three Italian pairs follows an entirely different system.

Eugenio Chiaradia and Massimo d'Addio of Naples use "natural" bidding that comes closest to American methods. Walter Avarelli and Giorgio Belladonna of Rome play the Roman Club. Pietro Forquet and Guglielmo Sinisallo, of Naples, use still another highly artificial method known as the Neapolitan Club.

I have just completed work on a book about this system (nearly to be published here by Doubleday) and I will try to explain how it differs in important ways from the methods with which you are familiar. But first a word about the Argentine players, who must be rated as the dark-horse entry in this event.

Only once in the past have three teams met for the world championship title. That was in 1959 in Bermuda—the first running of the event—when we were victors in a three-cornered match among the champions of Continental Europe, Great Britain and the United States. For the next

Highlights of the Neapolitan Club system

OPENING BID OF ONE CLUB: Artificial; does not indicate a club suit. Strong: Promises at least 17 points in high cards or powerful distribution. Forcing: Partner must respond. **RESPONSES** are artificial "stepladder" bids (similar to responses to Blackwood four no trump) and show the number of "controls" (king equals one control; ace equals two controls. Thus: One diamond shows none; one heart, 1; one spade, 2; one no trump, 3; two clubs, 4; two diamonds, 5. With 6 or more, the response is two no trump. The two-heart and two-spade responses are natural; they indicate a real suit without any controls.

OPENING BID OF ONE IN ANY OTHER SUIT: Normal bid, indicating 12-17 points and at least four cards in the suit named. **RESPONSE:** Responder's first bid need not necessarily indicate his real suit, especially if his second bid names a suit that is

high-ranking. This second suit, however, must be playable.

OPENING BID OF ONE NO TRUMP: Shows a normal 12-17 point hand with clubs the only long suit. **RESPONSE** of two clubs announces a weak hand, including at least two cards in clubs. **OPENING BID OF TWO CLUBS:** Same strength as above, but showing at least five clubs and may include a second biddable suit. **RESPONSE** of two diamonds is weak.

ALL OTHER OPENING BID TWO-BIDS: Usually a weakish two-suit (12-15 points). **RESPONSE** of two no-trump asks for second suit to be shown.

This summary covers only a few of the basic artificial bids. In order to cope with intervening bids following an opening of one club, there is a highly complex chain of responses, differing with each of many possible overcalls.

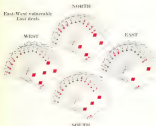
Cards on the Table

continued

Thereafter, the bidding was normal for a while. South showed his hearts, North hid his diamonds, South raised and North then showed his second suit.

South's four-no-trump bid is another Neapolitan special. A four-no-trump bid later than the third round of bidding is not a Blackwood call for aces; it merely invites partner to bid a slam or to show where some added values may lie. North's five-club bid suggested that he could control the suit after the first round; after East doubled, South redoubled to tell his partner that he held the club ace. As a result, both North and South toyed with the idea of getting to six diamonds and, with a bit of good luck in hearts and spades, six was actually made, so Italy added another 420 points' profit to the 90 they had scored at the other table.

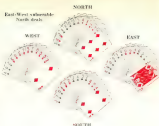
I have said before that the performance of the Italians last year was perfectly magnificent. Never has a team more richly deserved its laurels, but I have never been persuaded that their system was a great factor in their success. Shallow swings that were system-created owed at least an assist to Lady Luck. For example:



When the United States team played the East-West side of this hand, East opened with one club. South doubled, West hid hearts and North interposed with a one-no-trump bid. East passed. South hid diamonds, West rebid two hearts and North's three-diamond bid again prevented East from showing his spade suit without making a free bid that would have suggested a stronger hand than he had. Thus, Italy bought the hand for three diamonds, which was made, for a plus of 110 points.

At the other table, with Italy playing East-West, Siniscalco was unable to bid one club—the artificial bid—with his hand, so he opened with one spade. East and West thus had no difficulty in reaching four spades, which they made with an overtrick for an additional 690 gain.

More than once, Italian bidding style managed to put the contract into the hand that would not ordinarily have first bid that suit, and from that side of the table it could not be defeated. The largest audience ever to watch a tournament saw this happen when part of the final session was telecast and this hand occurred:



The Italians bid the North and South cards to five clubs—a contract that could easily have been defeated if played by North. East would make the normal opening of the spade king and shift to a heart. Even if declarer did not take and lose an immediate finesse, when East got in again with the club queen the defense would win a heart trick.

However, this defense never came off because South was the first player to mention clubs on that acesic 4 to the jack. Thus, West had the lead, and after his normal opening of the ace of spades he could not shift to a heart without losing a trick. Any other lead gave declarer time to get two heart discards on North's long diamonds.

I have no fault to find with the axiom that a team makes its own breaks—but a system cannot do so. Nor can system be credited with being a deciding factor when the winning team actually plays three different systems.

However, support is given to the European view in the matter of partnerships. American teams have been proud of their flexibility. Often they boasted that any player could partner any other member of the team. Meanwhile, European teams have stressed the fixed partnership; in tough matches they had reasonable assurance against the loss of points due to partnership misunderstanding.

The present American team comes closer to filling the European specifications than any we have previously entered in this competition. Both and Skone are not only a long-experienced partnership of superb players, they play a highly specialized system which is just as unorthodox as the Italian methods, although not quite as artificial. The other four have played together so often that they can pair up in almost any fashion and present a formidable side at both tables. In a long match, where a player from each of two pairs may grow weary, ill or stale, this flexibility can be a telling advantage.

That is why, when the teams line up before the Bridge-Or-Rama—the equipment borrowed from Selfridge's of London that will let hundreds of spectators watch the proceedings at Lake Como's Casino where the eighth world championship will be staged—I think that our American team will be more than a match for Europe's fine Italian bands.

Extra tricks: European scoring, governing this year's play, awards International Match Points for the net difference in score on each deal, ranging from one IMP for 20 to 60 points up to a maximum of 15 IMPs for a difference of 4,000 points or more. This lessens the effect of a single disaster.

—J. H. P.

the truth

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2.9

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19.4
20.3
22.7
23.7
22.5
24.1
22.8
24.5

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A Struggle to the Summit

West Virginia's basketball Mountaineers are No. 1 in the nation for the first time ever, after a fine job by Coach Fred Schaus—but can they stay there?

by JEREMIAH TAX



TYPICAL SHARRAR (top) shows his coach, emphasizing defensively rebound against Pitt and passing out the start fast break.

NEITHER North nor South nor East nor Midwest, West Virginia is a comparatively small state surrounded by bigger ones and oriented in large part toward the only authentic nearby metropolis, Pittsburgh. It is to Pittsburgh that most West Virginians look for fun and games on weekends and holidays and to the University of Pittsburgh that sports-following West Virginians look for a natural, city-slicker rival for their own state university at Morgantown. The game with Pitt is the game on the schedule of any Mountaineer team.

Last week, by the car and busload, West Virginians drove over the hills and through snowstorm to Pittsburgh to watch the Mountaineers play the basketball game of the season, while thousands of others tuned in to a 30-station radio network that blankets the state for every basketball and football game. They saw and heard an exciting game with a happy ending, West Virginia winning 73-64 despite a typically breathtaking, top-scoring performance by Pitt's Don Henson (31, Jan. 6). If West Virginia had lost every other game thus far, the season was now made.

But the fact is, of course, that West Virginia has not lost a game thus far (the record: 13-0), and for the first time since the school started playing basketball in 1904, it is the No. 1 ranking team in the nation.

The two men chiefly responsible for all this are an Okie named Fred Schaus and a Pennsylvanian named Lloyd Sharrar, coach and player respectively. In the three years that Schaus has been coach at West Vir-

ginia, the team has won three Southern Conference championships (it never won one before); in these same three years, Sharrar has become one of the best big men on any college campus. Schaus is also responsible for Sharrar's presence at West Virginia. As Sharrar explained recently: "I had about 40 or 60 college offers my senior year in high school. I visited a lot of campuses, including Morgantown, but I had narrowed my choice down to two Big Ten schools, when Fred came by my home one day (in Meadville, Pa.). We sat around in the living room and talked with my folks. I liked him right off and changed my mind about West Virginia." The incident is typical of Schaus both as coach and recruiter. It is nearly impossible to dislike this tall, husky man, whose warmth and affinity for people is deep and instinctive though expressed in low key. And it is this quality, far more than his athletic skill, which earned for Schaus the captaincy of practically every team on which he played—in high school in Ohio, at West Virginia and with Fort Wayne in the pro basketball league—plus election as president of the West Virginia student body at the end of his junior year.

As a coach, Schaus gets every willing ounce of disciplined effort from his men because their respect for his experience and understanding of the game is matched by genuine affection. The fact is that he would likely fail if this were not so, because he teaches probably the most difficult (and, at the same time, the best) style of ball for college players. It is the pee type, free-wheeling, freeldance game, which places all

responsibility on individual player initiative. He drills them overlastingly on fundamentals and then cuts them loose in games to exercise that initiative in the rapid-fire sequence of last-breaking attack and man-to-man defense.

Sharrar's function in Schaus's style of play is to make the fast break possible by controlling the boards. He handles the assignment superbly, helped by his long-muscled, 6-foot 10-inch frame, of course, but even more by a blazing intensity of will which is especially apparent in his fine defensive work. This season he has subordinated his scoring in a balanced team effort but has led the Mountaineers to well over 200 more rebounds than their opponents. His rebounding was the chief ingredient in West Virginia's conservative-eight victories over Kentucky and North Carolina last month, which earned them the No. 1 ranking.

Elsewhere, the team is also sound: at the guards, Don Vincent, Jody Gardner and Ronnie Ratten move and handle the ball well, seldom make a bad pass. Up front, Jerry West stands out as shooter and on defense, but Bob Smith and Willie Akers are nearly as effective.

Though it is inconceivable that West Virginia will lose a conference game the rest of this season, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, at least, reserves consciousness that this is the best in the nation until Schaus's men meet Duke (Jan. 27) and St. John's (Feb. 6). Even then two do not constitute the kind of test a West Virginia team has never passed—an NCAA tournament. The Mountaineers, to say the least, have yet to win their first NCAA game.

BBB

Now: Kick, Pass or Run?

by HERMAN HICKMAN

The new football rules have started a national debate.

Here a politician retorts gives them somewhat approval

THE NCAA RULES COMMITTEE caught the college football coaches completely by surprise when it announced the first point-scoring change since 1932. In that year the value of a touchdown was boosted from four to six points. The essence of the new rule:

The 100-yard line is designated as the touchdown line. Any team which crosses this line has scored one point. Any team which crosses this line a second time has scored two points. Any team which crosses this line a third time has scored three points. Any team which crosses this line a fourth time has scored four points. Any team which crosses this line a fifth time has scored five points. Any team which crosses this line a sixth time has scored six points. Any team which crosses this line a seventh time has scored seven points. Any team which crosses this line an eighth time has scored eight points. Any team which crosses this line a ninth time has scored nine points. Any team which crosses this line a tenth time has scored ten points.

This revolutionary revision must be considered a personal coup for Fritz Crisler, the Michigan athletic director who was serving as chairman of the Rules Committee. He had been advocating the change for the last seven years. The announcement was received by the coaches with mixed emotions (see page 10), but one thing is for sure: it started all of their studying statistics and strategy for the coming season.

Ordinarily, I have felt that rule changes from year to year are bad for the game, but this particular revision intrigues me more than any move made in my 34 years as player, coach, and observer. Primarily, it should cut down the number of the games, which are never satisfying to anyone involved, by at least 25%. Some say it puts too much of a premium on one play to decide a winner. My answer to this is that it's a pretty good way of rewarding a decision, if a team can move three yards of that last Mile in one pass or running play.

Paraphrased as it may seem, I look for a return of the drop kick despite the fact that the "wonder" ball now in use is not as conducive to this mode of kicking as the old one, number ball. I can see seven new formations and two "trickings" as the part of the coaches' work will enhance the game even beyond the measure of the new scoring change. I don't see anything of more to be gained from enlarging this story

mer accompanied by a football, paints a goal post on the side of the barn or garage and returns in September an expert drop-kicker. Stranger things have happened.

Situation strategy will have to be worked out, but for the fan there will be few dull moments. What does a team do that moves first? Do they try for 7 or 8 points? The quick answer is 8, of course. But this team has a kicker who seldom misses, and the odds are that you might be kicking to make three yards on the goal line by either a runner or pass. More importantly, you are behind 4-7 with little time remaining. You score a touchdown. Do you play for the win, with a good chance of losing it, or an almost certain chance of tying it up? Play the pass coach!

Last in the writer of comment and contemplation over the revision changes are other important revisions, which have gone practically unnoticed so far. Here they are in capsule form: 1. A new substitution rule permits every player to reenter the game once each quarter. For the past three seasons

only those men who started the quarter could reenter. Substitutes were allowed only one appearance.

2. Time-outs have been reduced so that each team will be allowed only four free time-outs per half. Five had been allowed previously.

3. A revision of the blocking rule now permits only one hand used with no make contact with an opponent, instead of both arms and hands as before. This may be the "sleeper" that will cause more controversy than all of the other rule changes put together. Many T teams use a straight-on head thrust, making quick contact with both arms, chest and head, driving through a player straight back. This is necessary because "passed" defenses make it virtually impossible to obtain a blocking angle with either shoulder alone. Clarification and interpretation are definitely in order on this revision. 4. Free kicks. If any free kick, field goal or kick after a safety has been scored goes out of bounds, the offending team will be penalized five yards and allowed to kick again. All will agree that this is an excellent change. The old rule which gave possession to the receiving team at the restraining line 20 yards from the kick was more than too harsh.

5. Forward offensive signals are more clearly prohibited. Officials are now required to leave the field on intent.

6. Ineligible receivers down field. Ineligible receivers—center, guards and tackles—when downed in the field are now free to be thrown or passed. Previously they were not allowed to cross the line of scrimmage until a receiver had crossed the goal.

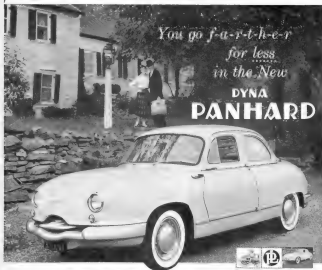
Several coaches (polled) suggested to the committee that unlimited running be made legal, but I am quite sure that these requests have been summarily drawn because of the new retention rule. Nevertheless, might not a coach want to take the prize from an 80-year-old quarterback at deciding whether to go for 1 or 2 points. ☐☐☐



ONE POSSIBLE FORMATION for running under the new rule—a fullback, old back wing, halfback, a wide receiver, dropkick or fullback and then substitute a pass. Fullback 2, wide receiver 1, halfback, run a back between tackles, then drop pass and receive yard or more. 1, a receiver, 2, a receiver, 3, a receiver, 4, a receiver, 5, a receiver, 6, a receiver, 7, a receiver, 8, a receiver, 9, a receiver, 10, a receiver, 11, a receiver, 12, a receiver, 13, a receiver, 14, a receiver, 15, a receiver, 16, a receiver, 17, a receiver, 18, a receiver, 19, a receiver, 20, a receiver, 21, a receiver, 22, a receiver, 23, a receiver, 24, a receiver, 25, a receiver, 26, a receiver, 27, a receiver, 28, a receiver, 29, a receiver, 30, a receiver, 31, a receiver, 32, a receiver, 33, a receiver, 34, a receiver, 35, a receiver, 36, a receiver, 37, a receiver, 38, a receiver, 39, a receiver, 40, a receiver, 41, a receiver, 42, a receiver, 43, a receiver, 44, a receiver, 45, a receiver, 46, a receiver, 47, a receiver, 48, a receiver, 49, a receiver, 50, a receiver, 51, a receiver, 52, a receiver, 53, a receiver, 54, a receiver, 55, a receiver, 56, a receiver, 57, a 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BONNIE PRUDDEN

27 This exercise is a test of balance and also helps stretch your abdominal and leg muscles

If you've mastered Exercise No. 22 (SI, Dec. 9) you should have no trouble with this week's leg stretch. But don't try this one without the necessary conditioning of the earlier exercise. Balance is the crucial factor here, but it will improve as you practice the exercise. At first you may tip over backward, so be sure the area behind you is clear. If you do start to fall, keep your chin tucked down for safety.

Sitting on the floor, raise your legs and feet, grip ankles and balance on your seat without letting any other part of you touch the floor. Hold for count of five.



Still holding onto your ankles and keeping your feet flat and feet flat the floor, spread your legs apart to form a V. Hold for a slow count of 5, then 10, and finally 20.





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*Resplendent in ritual and tradition, the ageless pageantry of the stag hunt *la chasse* still in the forests of France*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FELIX MAN

IN ONLY one country in the world can the medieval pageantry of the Chase, so vividly pictured on the following pages, still be seen in all its elegant ceremony. In France the world's oldest sport—the stag hunt—has survived the centuries and maintained its traditional ritual. Its origins go further back than the memory of man, for ever since man first established himself as the hunter instead of the hunted, the Chase has been a vital part of his existence. To the Greeks it was preparation for war; to the Persians, schooling for life; to the Romans, proof of prowess. But to the Gauls the Chase represented sport in its purest form. Today, in the manner of their ancestors, elaborately attired sportsmen still pursue the noble stag through France's great forests. And the *chasse à courre* is as cherished a part of France's heritage as its fine wines and epicurean fancies. Like these, it must be savored with gourmet taste, for the follower of the

Chase is a connoisseur of sport. And nowhere in France is there a group of sportsmen more devoted to the ceremony of the Chase than the Rallye Pique-Argent, which each week during the season gathers at the Chateau de Chantilly. It is here to re-enact the Chase with all its pomp and panoply. To the ringing *horns* *horns* mounted on the horns of the *horns*, the *horns* ride through the *Allee des Lions* into the forests of Chantilly, following the hounds according to centuries-old tradition. Their pleasure is in the music of the hunting horns, the pageantry of the ceremony, the excellence of the horsemanship and the resonant voices of hounds on trail. When finally the stag is brought to bay, as in the dramatic photograph at right, there is both tragedy and triumph in the moment of victory. For then the Chase is ended, and as the horn is sounded on the horns, all hunters pause in respect and humility before the vanquished symbol of an ageless sport.

DRAMATIC moment of climax occurs when stag, a magnificently colored 4-year-old, is brought to bay by hounds in waters of a nearby lake.





*L'au Jouteuse" at Chateau de Fontainebleau, entering traditional hunting boots,
from the Chateau de Fontainebleau on their way to the hunting grounds.*





*"Volée de chiens" animals hunted under supervision of hunt master
Marquis de Roselle after stag has been rescued by advance party.*

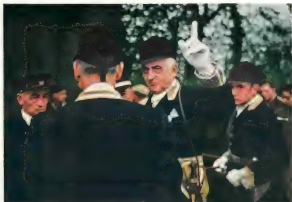
*Exhausted stag, chased to edge of Lac de Mollem on estate of Duc de
Gramont, makes futile attempt to escape pack through water.*



*Mar. 600, leading French sports-
women and a crack rider, discusses
hunt with Comte de Coubertin,
a "huntsman" of the Redye Vallées.*



*Hunt Master Marguile de Rouville
signals to gamekeeper to join the
"rapport," a council of war held to
determine the best hunting area.*



THE UP-AND-DOWN RANGERS

continued from page 16

since the Rev. Billy Graham's midsummer crusade for another group of passionate followers.

Undeniably a large measure of credit for the Rangers' revival is due to Phil Watson. A brilliant and quarrelsome center on the successful power Rangers, Percy Phil became coach in 1955 and tongue-lashed the Rangers into third place by the following spring. He nudged them through a fourth-place finish last year, and started the current season characteristically by announcing, "Anyone who drags his fancy will drag it to Providence (a Ranger farm team)."

On opening day the Rangers had two established stars in Andy Bathgate, who set a Ranger scoring record of 77 points last season, during which he was hailed as a new superstar, and Bill Gadsby, the high-scoring defenseman: a nucleus of eight good journeyman forwards; a good but not first-rate goalie in Lorne Worsley; a not-very-solid corps of defensemen behind Gadsby; and four lackluster power forwards, three of whom M. Needles, as Watson was by now known, eventually threatened to fire.

In their first 10 games the Rangers played slightly better than 500 hockey, and little Camp Worsley had the best goals-against average of any goalie in the league. Jean Presterie blossomed as a very fine left wing. Defenseman Harry Howell, who had been replaced as captain by Center Red Sullivan, displayed an aggressive new style that silenced the yahoos in the galleries who had given him the bird last year. The Rangers were alive and exciting and were drawing about 4,000 more customers to the Garden per night than in the last miserable season before the Watson regime.

Then Camp Worsley pulled a thigh muscle and up from Providence came 25-year-old Marcel Paille. The tall, plump and phlegmatic Marcel shut out Boston in his first major league game. Watson and the Rangers' general manager, Murr Patrick, liked Paille's stand-up style. They reflected that Worsley made many a sensational save, but was frequently down and out of position for the rebound shot. Naturally they were delighted that Paille lost only one of his first 10 games.

But Camille (The Earl) Henry, at 148 pounds the smallest of NHL players, was working goals at a pace that would give him NHL leadership last week after 43 games of the 70-game

schedule. The defensemen, hopped up on Watson's rhetoric, were checking hard if not always effectively; Lempin' Lou Fontaine, whose roughhouse tactics are like a tonic to Ranger fans, was on the way to leading the league for time spent in the penalty box.

Famine soon followed feast. Bathgate aggravated an old knee injury and the Rangers won only one of seven games while he was out. They dropped one more after he returned, but then spurted again with four victories and two ties in six games. At the 35-game midseason mark they trailed Montreal by only four points. Now, however, Prentie was injured, and he would soon be reinjured as severely that he might be lost for the rest of the season.

After that pre-Christmas rally a new and more serious slump began. In the eight games before the current road trip the Rangers could salvage only a



GOALIE Lorne Worsley was recalled by the Rangers to replace the injured Marcel Paille.

tie as the defense collapsed. Despite his personal feud with Phil Watson, Worsley was recalled to replace the shellshocked Paille, who had allowed 41 goals, including the quick six by Boston, in those eight games. By now the Rangers were clinging precariously to third place. They might regress to second place or drop to sixth by the end of the season without upsetting the form, for the very good reason that the race had no form.

Watson's needie might good them into another fancy winning streak, or

it might leave them galled and despondent, as it had done more than once in the past. It is impossible, of course, to judge precisely how often, or for how long, a team may be induced to play over its head. One school of thought conceives that Watson's sharp tongue was immensely valuable at first, but insists that the team now wins, when it does, in spite of rather than because of him. The other and probably larger school, satisfied with the ride-'em-hard approach, says, "Just look at the record."

It is abundantly clear that the Rangers, when good, are very, very good, and when bad, are horrid. It is also clear that neither Bathgate nor Gadsby is playing as well this year as last, and that Fontaine, though certainly improved generally, is still playing to the galleries and betting opposing players too often when it is meaningless.

The great Ranger teams of the past featured passmen passing and the try for the good shot. Today's Rangers, too easily ridden off the park and just



COACH Phil Watson, who spent several months in jail, has helped the team.

not good enough to link a series of superb passes very often, still try to play the same way. Consequently they are forced to scramble.

So far they have scrambled well enough to stand the league on its head for a while and push the Garden. "Give me 1950 hockey, from now on," says Watson, rattling his reeve, "and we'll make the playoffs again." The team will settle for that. Not for 14 years have the Rangers given the fans a chance to cheer about despite the bad streaks.

—KENNETH RUPPIN

PART III: THE SAGA OF '99 PETE'

A HAVEN IN

In which our flying heroes are once again strymled by storms, and come down in the jungle to find unlooked-for friends, and finally get home on their last dollar

by BILL MAULDIN

AS THE veteran crew of 99 Pete turned north toward home, the 3,000-mile trek ahead looked like a pretty tame proposition. What were a few Central American mountain ranges after the gargantuan rainforests and endless swamps of South America? What were a couple of puny overwater stretches, a hundred miles or so each, between Yacatan and Florida, after thousands of miles of navigating open Caribbean seas? Weather? Storms? Why, we'd done extensive broken-field running among what must have been the granddaddies of all thunderheads.

Besides, our little airplane had not one but two engines. While getting used to this luxury along the way we had noticed that it tended to turn the most formidable terrain features into mere check points on the map.

As we came up on Puerto Limón, on the southeastern edge of Costa Rica, and started letting down for an over-night stop, my seasoned little team settled into its peralanding cockpit procedure with a smoothness that almost verged on boredom. In the back seat, filling out a stack of the all-important General Declaration forms, was George Moffett, co-pilot, age 35, who had started the trip as a student pilot with 20 hours in his logbook and now seemed almost ready for a job with Pan American Airways. Assisting him was David Mauldin, age 8, technically our radio operator/light engineer, also an expert on locating important documents and fountain pens among comic books, seat cushions and candy wrappers.

David's brother Andy, age 8 and our official navigator, sat up front reading off the check list for propeller settings, fuel mixtures, etc.—normally a flight engineer's work, but some of the words

were a little big for David. Andy then exchanged places with Moffett to get the weight forward, which was correct for stability on short-field landings. As George took over such chores as getting the wheels and flaps down and cutting off the air speed on our approach, the kids joyfully began squinting the cabin and each other with a bug bomb—required procedure at most terminals. All this left me without much to do, which kept me fresh for command decisions.

Roaming virtuously of DDT and clutching our General Declarations, we debarked at Puerto Limón and found the airport deserted. Not a Customs or Immigration man in sight. We tied the plane to a couple of fence posts and hailed a passing truck for a ride to town.

"¿Policía?" we asked. No illegal entries for us.

We were shown to a barracks, surrounded by yellowish tin hats holding machine pistols at the ready against God knows what. There was the usual waiting period, followed by some interrogation and a great deal of fussing with our papers. But it was done in a good-natured way, and we had long since learned that in the land of sulfurous lethargy is the prerogative of the authorities, wherefore the wise traveler stays on the ball and exhibits patience at all times.

"What's this?" The sergeant compared our personal papers with the crew manifest, then stared with raised eyebrows at my navigator and radio operator. Andy and David, in their turn, were being fascinated by a bare-

foot drunk in the prisoners' enclosure.

"It is traditional for a captain to choose his crew, sir," I said to the sergeant. Then, since he seemed skeptical, I told him that we had been getting faster clearances in most places by not listing anybody as mere passengers. He grinned broadly and got out his rubber stamps of approval.

"*¡Alle gringos propósitos. To hell with Miranques!*" the drunk roared, looking defiantly at the machine pistols.

"Hey, this is Costa Rica," said Andy, the map man.

"Hokay, to hell with Costa Rica," the man said, amiably. "Me, I come from Chihuahua, Mexico, and I don't like none of these place down here."

"You sure are brave, mister," said David. "Bye?"

Puerto Limón is a ramshackle, colorful, friendly town. We spent a pleasant afternoon fishing off a pier and watching shiploads of gaudy new American



INTERPHU BIRDSON, wife agreed, called his case with foreman of Del Geco ranch.

THE JUNGLE

can being exchanged for cargoes of bananas, which contained, appropriately enough, their own assortment of bugs, as well as an occasional small green snake. Back near the hotel, the kids found a display of comic books and laid in a fresh supply for the long flights ahead.

"You realize, of course, that these are all printed in Spanish," Moffett said, inspecting a copy of *Disney's* *El Mundo*.

"Sure," said Andy. "Mr. Webb, our principal at school, said for us to learn everything we could down here."

Next day we found a short-wave-radio setup in the office of a local airline. The operator was a youngster with a flying log; when he learned we were piloting our own plane, he couldn't do enough for us.

"How about weather between here and Honduras?" I asked. We had noticed a sort of floating squall line stand-

ing out to sea and paralleling the coast to the north. Although we still looked forward to Central American history as a piece of cake, it would be luxurious to know just once on this trip exactly what to expect ahead.

"Too bad, captain," the man said after a few minutes of static and rapid-fire Spanish. "There is presently trouble between Honduras and Nicaragua. I think they don't even tell each other the time, to say nothing of weather."

"Well, now, aren't *Revolucion* *Hondureña*? We're headed for Belmó."

"Oh, this is very, very sad, captain," he chatted after a while. "I tried to relay through Guatemala, and they say there is no British Honduras, because they claim that that is this, and—" he couldn't help grinning sheepishly—"if there is no such country, they say, you could there be weather in such a place?"

He turned around and looked at ropes

of contacting any southbound aircraft which could give us a firsthand report. Finally we told him to forget the weather and see if he could manage to slip a flight plan—Puerto Llínea to Belmó is approximately five hours, via La Ceiba, Honduras—through this maze of international pique. Even a verified, acknowledged flight plan would be a rare treat. We'd filed plenty of them all through the Caribbean and South America, but we'd seldom been with the serene feeling you get from knowing that if you happen upon somewhere somebody is going to sit up and take notice. More often than not, an official would languish around the flight plan and pocket the fee, and we'd take off a little more suspicious that if he picked up a phone to forward the message and found the line busy he'd sort of let the matter slide.

"Captain," said our Puerto Llínea

continued



'99 PETE'

continued

friend, his eyes shining with sincerity. "I will get your flight plan through if I have to transport it on a bicycle."

Climbing aboard the Apache a little later, we saw an ancient Plymouth coupe tearing up the road by the runway. The driver called out that his friend the radio man had received confirmation from Belize and we were expected in five hours.

"Too bad we don't have his frequency, to thank him from the air," George said. "When a fellow puts himself out that much you'd like to do right by him."

Despite the offshore storms, which stayed alongside us without a break, we found the coast itself clear for 140 miles, almost to the town of Bluefields, and then we came to another floating band of thunderheads—this one perpendicular to our course. There was no flanking it to the left, where it butted against the mountains, so we tumbled in and ran over the water, hoping the two squall lines didn't meet. They did. We spent some time probing for a rift, then elected a wide, 100-mile something should open up. The only airport within 40 miles of the coast where we might have sat and waited for a break was a grass strip in the jungle at the base of an 11,000-foot peak, and there were low stratus clouds that way, with poor visibility heights.

"Men, it's a good thing we all like Puerto Limón," I said at last, executing the classic maneuver known as the 180° turn. Well, at least we'd be able to thank that operator for his trouble here.

I had reckoned without our first "floating front." Like a great, vaporous battleship drifting at anchor, it had swung its stern in and ran around just north of Puerto Limón. We had no place at all to land on the coast. And we'd been in the air 2½ hours, burning gas at a pretty reckless clip; after all, this was supposed to be a tame flight and we'd started with four full tanks, 198 gallons in all. Now it looked as if we had to burn a little more, climbing up for a look around. At 10,000 feet I set the engine for a minkering economy cruise, took the charts, computers and plotters from Andy, who'd been navigating from the front seat, sent him back so Moffett could take the controls, and started figuring.

Visibility was tremendous at that level. North, east and south were towering fences of thunderheads, and westward the stratus deck covered every-

thing; mountainspeaks stuck out of it like puddings in a snowbank. Obviously we had to go that way, and solid slabs full of rocks in unattractive stuff to fly over, no matter how many spare engines you've got. However, the top of the deck was pretty well under us, and there was one smooth strip of it to the northwest, stretching out like a soft carpet as far as we could see. According to the chart, it covered the San Juan River valley, which is comparatively flat jungle country as far as the Lake of Nicaragua, on the other side of the job's seals. Most comforting of all, occasional breaks in the undercast kept showing low but definite ceilings beneath, with some visibility in the haze should we have to let down for any reason.

"Steer 09°," Mister Moffett, I said.

"Positive, how we come again," he groaned. "Before this trip I used to think it was a pretty ocean."

"Oh, we're not going quite that far. We'll home in on the Managua radio beacon and land there."

"We can't land there."

"We've got to," I said. "It's the only major terminal we can reach, and I'm not taking off again without a first-class weather briefing. Why can't we go there?"

"Because we've got landing clearances for every banana republic around here except Nicaragua. Either we land it or forget to ask for it."

"Oh, boy," David chirped, remembering our Venezuelan troubles. "Jail again?"

"Franklin's way, for San Salvador?" George pleaded. Apparently he hadn't noticed that Venezuelan interlude as much as David had.

When reviewed the frustrating fuel situation. Before taking up the northwest heading we'd burned 48 gallons, missing around the coast and climbing, which left 80 gallons aboard. Now, with the throttle in our laps at an economy air speed of 125 mph, we were using only 13 gallons per hour, and San Salvador was a mere 470 miles away, 240 miles north of Managua. So far, winds aloft had been light and variable, the paper we could get there with an hour and 12 minutes to spare.

But there were other deductions. Not all the fuel in an airplane tank is usable, some of it collecting in pockets and corners. And our consumption figures for various power settings were based on printed performance curves which assumed the use of 85-87 octane; we were carrying a mishmash, ranging from 72 to 130 octane. I had learned



AT PEREZ MARQUEZ, A SIGNIFICANT AIRPORT

long ago not to be conservative on these matters. I am a reactionary. Taking off 30 minutes for unusable fuel and 30 for the odd octane lets us with 12 minutes' reserve for San Salvador—if the winds didn't bother us. I won't even fly around Westchester County Airport with less than 45 minutes' reserve, and San Salvador was a strange city high among the volcanoes with unknown weather.

"Men," I said, firing up the radios for Managua's Las Mercedes tower as we crossed the great lake to the south, "we must stop going around with a persecution complex. This is a pleasure flight. We've got to land here, legal or not. We'll confess everything, claim an emergency, throw ourselves on Nicaragua's mercy, butter 'em up with enough General Declarations to paper a hangar, and let 'em spray us with bug bombs till our clothes rot off. What if they do throw us in the can and take our airplane? We'll live to fly another day."

"Whistling in the graveyard," said George, glumly looking through our dog-eared *International Flight Information Manual* for the local ground rules.

"Here's an interesting item," he said. "It seems that everybody arriving in Managua from Costa Rica must have a yellow fever certificate. What a shame. All the trouble we've gone to trying to spare the kids, to say nothing of ourselves, and now it looks like we'll have to take that shot after all."



IN THESE RED L.A. BEACHERS' HIDEOUTS, HAD THE BUS HANDLED THE RUN-IN BEFORE TAKEOFF

"The clouds are clearing," I said, "and we seem to be passing Omotepe Island ahead of our estimate. Just for the hell of it let's make a careful ground-speed check."

"Omotepe at 47," George checked both watches. "Maybe the Nicaragua medics use only a third of a pint of serum. Maybe they even sterilize their needles up here."

"Granada at 38," I noted. "We do seem to have picked up a little tailwind." I turned off the radios; Managua hadn't answered anyway. "We'll run on up the coast a few miles toward San Salvador and see if it holds."

It held. The weather kept improving, too. We picked up a little more time by letting our auxiliary tanks run dry. It is a suspenseful business listening for engines to quit, like waiting for the fellow upstairs to drop the other shoe. And when they did let go, within a couple of minutes of each other, of course they chose to do it right over the Gulf of Fonseca, the one stable body of salt water we had to count. But as we switched them onto the mains, we now had an exact consumption figure, and learned that the mixed-up octaves had made hardly any difference. We flew serenely up into the mountains, arriving with a known 45-minute reserve, not far but legal.

Then our luck broke. San Salvador's Hopango airport sits on the edge of a big volcanic crater full of water, and on Hopango sat a big thunderhead. At

first it didn't look like a very fierce storm, and it seemed to be moving along. We began to orbit around the lake.

"You see now, gentlemen, why prudent pilots insist on a reserve," I lectured.

I started to call the tower for advice. Our speaker was almost blasted out of the ceiling by a powerful transmission from a U.S. Corsair.

"Hopango, I'm 15 miles out with a little emergency," the liner blared.

I rucked up the microphones and ducked low into the crater. One does not clutter up air waves or traffic patterns when a colleague is in distress.

"We ran into a dang humbird, Hopango," the Corsair continued. "Toss a good-size hole in our wing. Will you advise Pan Am maintenance?"

FOR a long five minutes we circled low over the lake in silence, watching for the stricken ship.

"What is your position now, please?" Hopango asked.

"About 25 miles."
"Jeez! He's flying barkanairs," David breathed.

"Shut up," I said. "The poor devil's in trouble."

After another five minutes the thunderstorm stopped moving off the field and began to turn back and squall, with lightning. From the way the water was kicking up under the cloud, the gusts were getting to be more than I felt I could safely handle. When we

had been there 15 minutes there was still no sign of the plane, although he'd kept up a running chatter and we had learned a great deal about ornithology, barkanairs in particular.

"Maybe he's up in the jet stream and doesn't know it," Andy suggested.

"You expect a man to navigate like Columbus with his wing torn half off?" I snapped.

"Well, there's going to be a surplus on emergencies if that boy doesn't stop on the gas," George said. "We've got half an hour left."

We got out of there and headed for the farmland among the jungles by the beach, 20 miles west. It was downhill all the way and we glided with throttles almost closed, saving a couple of gallons. According to the chart, several of the huge, sprawling ranches down there boasted private grass airstrips. After a frantic sweep of the area I began cursing myself for not having made a slight detour on the way up and located an emergency coast in comparative leisure. You see better when your eyes aren't full of sweat. The trouble was that there were dozens of cultivated green patches, each laid out in a long, narrow panel just like an airstrip, and not a sign of a hangar or windsock on any of them.

We were not in a serious pickle. The farmland was flat and I kept the beach within gliding distance. But sand is soft and so is plowed earth; coming down on either is a tricycle-steered plane weighing almost two tons is pretty sure to get it badly bogged, if not hung up. Few sights are more humiliating than that of a brand-new airplane fuselage riding in the back of a wagon, its wings ominously plucked and stored alongside.

After a second sweep I decided not to make a bad thing worse by risking a power-off landing. Sadly, I told George to lower the gear, and we lined up with the most likely-looking field we'd been able to spot, with fairly short vegetation and clear approaches. There were no visible ditches or plow marks, but you never can tell from the air. David put on his previous Air Force brain bucket and his brother got a folded blanket ready to hold in front of his face. When the field was a sure thing I got the flaps down.

"Hey, Daddy," Andy said, "that piece of rag somebody hung on that post. It's almost like a windsock, sort of."

"Keep your foot little head down!" I yelled.

We touched and rolled smoothly to

continued

'99 PETE'

revisited

a stop. Sure enough, the rag was a makeshift windshield. We had picked one of the airstrips we hadn't been able to find. We tacked back to a group of ranch buildings, and Moffett jumped out to stick a straw in the tanks. The tip was damp. Prudent to the end, we had landed with a reserve.

"If you ever write this up," George said, "you've got to say the engines gasped their last the instant we touched down. Otherwise it's a lousy airplane story."

The ranch house was an imposing wooden building surrounded by red-flowering shade trees. Upstairs was the house part. The ground floor was a barn, and out of this now came a group of bare-chested peons in sombreroes, led by a mustachioed young man with a pistol on his belt. They seemed friendly enough.

"Coma?" asked a peon, pointing.

"No. Peeper," another said, looking scornfully at his friend. "Peeper Apache."

AS MY run to the plane, got out a General Declaration, and presented it to the man with the gun. He looked puzzled at it, then remembered his manners, smiled appreciatively, folded it tenderly and put the strange gift in his pocket. My limited Spanish is seasoned with an Italian accent I picked up during the war, and the language barrier was just about impossible, but we got the idea that he was a foreman and the ranch belonged to a Señor Del Gato, who lived up in San Salvador where the weather wasn't so extreme and commuted in a Coma 170. He wasn't expected until tomorrow.

Did the peones keep any aviation gas down here? No, but there was some diesel oil for the tractor, if that would help. The Apache had been most forthcoming in matters of fuel, but we decided not to press our luck. In the owner's absence the foreman took over the role of host with a courtesy. Old World air, and invited us upstairs to the shady veranda encircling the living quarters.

"If anybody calls, I have gone to the country," Moffett said, sinking into a hammock. "Stick with me, kids, and never let your old man talk you into landing at Nicaragua."

It was a relaxing place, with our erstwhile talkative rustling through the trees and all about us the murruring rattle and moon and the basic amble of a farmyard, so nice when you

don't have to work there. We dug out our emergency rations and invited the foreman to picnic with us. He seemed to be genuinely enjoying the unscheduled visit, so we felt free to settle down for a little siesta. Crowsily, I watched David make friends with a big, scruffy old hound and then coax the animal onto a wicker settee and use him for a pillow. I thought of fleas in the plane and started to protest, but it was too much effort. It had been a tiring flight.

A couple of hours later I was awakened by a crackling sound by my ear, and found Andy shuffling through charts on the table by my hammock.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," he said, "I was just trying to find that place we started out for this morning, and I can't remember the name."

"Belize. Belize! The flight plan?"

The old dog jumped three feet in the air, dumping David to the floor. I ran downstairs, found the foreman, and with my 20-word vocabulary tried to tell him that after three weeks of flying in the tropics we had finally found a conscientious radio operator who really cared if we got lost, we were now almost five hours overdue at an airport 300 miles on the other side of Central America, search parties and planes were probably out looking for us, and even if we weren't in a peak of trouble it was a dirty trick to play on that poor boy in Puerto Limón, who was probably already lighting candles in our memory. I doubt that I put all this across to the foreman, but my gestures were eloquent, and he realized that the sleepy gringo was suddenly in a state of near-hysteria and needed a telephone badly.

The nearest phone, it turned out, was in a village four hours away by horseback over a wagon road through the jungle. This was one of those jets that aviators, professional and amateur, get from time to time. A young jet pilot watches with bored detachment as the Rockies slide under his wing like arthritic; suddenly a half-ounce screw works loose in his turbine and a month later a fishing party finds him living off pifon nuts and still working his barfooted way down the peaks. A not-so-young father puts two children and a friend in a private airplane and zooms around the tropics with a growing nonchalance; a fuel shortage puts him down in the boondocks, and a statute mile, instead of 24 seconds of flying time, becomes 1.6983 El Salvadorean kilometers.

"Look, Daddy, the nice guy is even going to lend you his horse." David pointed at the foreman, who was

throwing a battered McClellan saddle on a rawboned pony. My kids were never overimpressed at my flying, but I could see by their shining eyes that this deal would put me ace-high.

"You better take the Very pistol so we can tell if anything jumps on you," said Andy, looking at the deep woods. It was about an hour before sundown.

"Gracias, gracias, amigo," I said, miserably, as our friend finished clenching up. Eight hours round trip! It had to be done, though. My God, if they jailed you in this part of the world for a slight irregularity in your papers, what would they do after calling out the army, navy and air force for search-and-seize operations because you didn't close a flight plan? That radio man in Puerto Limón was a confounded, officious meddler. Why did we have to find a nice, conscientious fellow like him today of all days? Well, at least the horse would probably know his way home in the dark.

"Noche, señor, noche," the foreman acknowledged my thanks. Then he smilingly fended me off as I started to mount the beast, and rode away at a fast trot.

"How do you like that?" I was moved almost to tears. "He's going to make the trip for me. Men, we've now covered the full spectrum of Latin hospitality, from the worst to the best."

"That's fine," Moffett observed. "But since he still doesn't understand what the problem is, what's he going to do when he gets to a phone?"

HOWEVER, shortly after sundown the foreman was back, riding as a passenger in a Land Rover. The driver introduced himself as J. Carlos Rodas, a neighbor who (thank Heaven) did not have an airplane but stayed home like a sensible man. He had brought along his 8-year-old son Manfredo, who lived alone with his father and had been overjoyed at the mention of the two little gringos dropping out of the sky. Rodas' English was about on a par with my Spanish, doubling my useful vocabulary; when I had described our troubles he said he would not only find a telephone but would try to find some aviation gas. Andy and Manfredo had become buddies on sight. They climbed into the back seat, I took the foreman's place in the front, and we set off into the dark, leaving George explaining to a disgruntled David that we'd look for a boy his age at the next emergency landing.

Nothing but a four-wheel-drive vehicle or a horse could have negotiated that road. The first 15 miles took al-

LIFE ON THE RANCH

most two hours, and Señor Rodas, who knew his Rover, had his hands full with bogs and high centers. When it wasn't swampy it was dusty. The headlights not bright to begin with, accumulated a thick coating and gave the jungle an eerie glow. Great white birds would rise suddenly out of nowhere, flapping like ghosts at the windshield. A Brahman bull, sleeping on the road and camouflaged by dust until we were almost upon him, rose snorting with anger and loomed belligerently over us until we nudged him gently out of the way with the bumper. From the underbrush came a continual medley of squeals and snarls like the soundtrack of a Tarnan movie. I had no knowledge of Salvadorean fauna; most of the racket was probably frogs, and the Brahman was obviously domesticated. But this stuff is unswerving to a stranger and if I'd started out alone on that horse I'd have made my 180° turn a long way back.

After a while we began coming to occasional gates across the road. Andy and Manuele made a game of opening them and catching a ride as they swung, and Señor Rodas was at pains to point out each fence and clearing in the wilds, and each herd of cattle. When we passed a team of parked bulldozers he detoured to show me the fine roadway they were carving through a swamp. It was plain that he was proud of this country and chagrined when his guest assessed in the dust, flinched at a sudden poof from the jungle, or noted that he, like the foreman, carried a gun on his belt. He wanted me to understand that things were progressing and not as rugged as they looked. This noble gentleman, who was knocking himself out for total strangers, was worried about that jungle like a housewife with ashes on her rug.

We broke out on a smooth highway, crossed a shiny new suspension bridge, and after a few miles turned toward a high fence with a sentry at the gate. The soldier challenged us and to my astonishment Señor Rodas gave him a perfunctory wave and wheeled right on through. Inside were rows of military warehouses and hangars full of yellow Stearman biplanes. We had crashed the gate of the El Salvador air force, and I began to suspect that our diffident driver was a man of some consequence.

This lovely green stranger as we entered an office, where the man on duty spoke with Rodas in a friendly and somewhat respectful way, then waved

continued



BOY ON HIGHLIGHTS is, in this case David, past-sighted instructions from the Del Gato ranch foreman. For David, this gesture is less graceful than it looks.



BOYS BEFORE BREAKFAST are well scrubbed by Pap in outdoor washroom.



BOY ON A HOPE is David, whiling away hours while Pap and Andy get paid.



BOYS AND MACHINERY are Andy, left, and Manuele, his new-found friend from the Rodas ranch. Despite the language barrier, the two get along beautifully.

'99 PETE'

continued

me to an old-fashioned wooden telephone. I cranked up San Salvador and asked for Rogando airport.

"Ah, yes, Apache 2228 Papa. You, there was a general inquiry out from Belice. No [scratches], I do not think there has yet been a search. Yes, I will notify them. What? A Convolv? And a what? I do not understand. It sounds like you say a Convolv and a banana. No, I am sorry. I am only just on duty; I know nothing of such a collision. Goodbye, sir."

Obviously, a pilot who sets out for Belice and ends up on Señor Del Gosa's farm is likely to imagine dog-fights between Convolvs and bananas.

Now Señor Rodas got on the phone and talked briefly with a copilot. Next he called a coronel, and got into a long, rapid-fire conversation.

"He is obtaining for you a barrel of gasoline," the duty man told me in English.

"From the air force?"

"Why not? You have picked a good friend. He is a respected rancher and much-liked man."

There was a third phone call—to the Chief of Staff or the Minister of War, for all I knew by this time—and the matter was settled. We went outside, dug Andy and Manuilo out of a couple of Stearns, and Señor J. Carlos Rodas, prominent patriot and owner of coronas, rolled up his sleeves and helped heave a 54-gallon Texaco drum into his Land Rover. I gave the El Salvador air force a check for \$21—the price they'd paid for the gas—and we headed back for the jungle, as Manuilo taught Andy a local song and accompanied himself by hammering on the barrel. I turned around to make sure everything was secure and noticed for the first time, in the dim light from the dash, the legend "80-87 Octane." Somehow, getting the right grade of fuel seemed a fitting climax to a day of miracles.

It was past midnight when we dropped the drum by the Apache, picked up David and George, and

headed for Rodas' place. We were given no choice. It was unthinkable that we should spend the night without hospitality when on a neighboring ranch hospitality was to be had. Del Gosa's foreman, who had somehow retrieved his pony and had been letting David ride it by flashlight in our absence, agreed that we should not spend a lonely night without a proper host, and he had to get home to his own wife and kids.

Rodas' hacienda was much like its neighbor's: house upstairs and barn below. We picked our way through several dozen head of fine Brahman cattle sleeping in the front yard, and upstairs we found an Indian woman lighting lanterns above a table she'd already spread with curried beans, stielfish, sausage and fried bananas. The centerpiece was a bottle of Johnnie Walker.

"There is no doubt about it," murmured George. "We've pulled off the most successful emergency landing in the history of amateur aviation."

THE FLIGHT LOG OF '99 PETE': CONCLUSION

THIRTEENTH LEG: Panama City to Puerto Limón, Costa Rica (no airport name on chart). 260 mi. (estimate). W. Paved strip, 4,600 ft., no facilities, no landing or parking fees, make own touchdown on end extension of runway used by local light planes. 100-120 octane only, in drums delivered by truck. Weather info tough to get, but try by radio at airline office in town. C&I (Customs and Immigration) at police station in town; busstoppers but friendly. Hotel in Puerto Limón not fancy but nice; room about \$2, meals about \$3 daily. **SIXTH FUTURE:** La Sabana Airtel. San José, 72 mi. W. (Note: As in case of Arusha-Campaka (Part II), we did things backwards here. San José more logical base, with Puerto Limón for side flight.) Sabana is airline terminal, tower 118.1, all octane fuel, maintenance facilities. San José popular, beautiful, friendly city; mountains all around. Good hotels \$3 up; most modern is Hotel Europa, about \$10.

FOURTEENTH LEG: Puerto Limón to Bogangue Airtel, San Salvador, 470 mi. NW. We're skipping Señor Del Gosa's private airstrip here. For specifications see text. Bogangue main terminal, tower 118.1, all facilities, hangar, weather bureau, good restaurant, bar. All octane fuel; Saco man demanded cash for 84-87 octane. C&I easy on baggage, strict on papers. Long ride to city 46. We stayed Hotel Nuevo Mundo, \$10 Amer. plan. Numerous small, good hotels, \$2 up, including food. Note: Whether landing or overflying Nicaragua check *Palmer Flight Info Manual*, Rules strict. Costa Rica and El Salvador probably most rewarding countries to fly to

in C. America; proud, hospitable, friendly people. Prices are fair, even on souvenirs; don't haggle. In many parts of Caribbean, S. & C. America private aircraft are still rare enough to arouse stiffness in C&I officials, who have normal bureaucracy's dislike of unusual. Just be sure all clearances are in order for let A&PA do it for you; see Part II, land only where cleared, don't return residence, and pleasure of trip will far outweigh difficulties.

FOURTEENTH LEG: To Stanley Field, Belice, British Honduras, 350 mi. N, dog-leg over mountains via Guja Lake and Zapapa. Stanley has paved runway, tower 118.1, 121.5, most octanes, minor maintenance, Customs, weather bureau. C&I engaging. Did not visit Belice, 10 mi. away. Told some private planes use it as jumping-off place for Mérida, 200 mi. NW, Villahermosa, 380 mi. W, and other Mexican points.

FIFTEENTH LEG: To Key West Intl. Airtel, 850 mi. NE direct, about 700 mi. skirting close to all possible land. Here is longest unavoidable unbroken overwater hop of entire Caribbean trip: from E tip of islands of Yucatan coast, 122 mi. to W tip of Cuba. Airtel at Central I. of Yucatan if you want it. José Martí Airtel, Havana, is main terminal, tower 118.1, all facilities, C&I getting most cordial these days to U.S. family planes. Key West airtel, parrot, all octanes, all facilities, C&I pleasant, usually charges \$10-\$20 sometime after 1700. U.S. natives friendly, inclined to charge fakelook prices in winter. Recommended itinerary here: make pile of remaining Gen-



eral Declaration forms and have dinner around bonfire.

Radio Note: Standard VHF frequency throughout trip was 118.1; occasionally 128.25, 128.7, 128.9. Essential you be able to transmit at least 118.1, 121.5. All tower

We found beds already made up for us, and it wasn't until next morning when I happened to wake up before anyone else and found Sister Hixson sleeping in a hammock on the veranda, that I realized he had given me his own bed. After breakfast he took us back to the plane, where we found the foreman standing by with a three-man refueling detail. It was a miserable two-hour job straining it all through a shamrock with the man blustering on the white wings, and while the work was going on two or three dozen persons and their families gathered around to wave us off. If all this had happened in some remote spot where iron birds are rare, some of it could have been put down to curiosity. I suppose. But this was a regular airstrip, and the only explanation we could think of for everybody's behavior was that they were just plain friendly.

"I wish there was some little way we could ease 'em how we feel," George said when the refusing was

computers as long as it speaks English—when they're awake. Forget Cereal, Only WDR stands out as the best choice since KLFZ's AFR. Nevertheless, if you want to make the most of your radio for flight plans, weather, etc., and can handle a rough one-way trip to LFP with trailing antennas, we wished we had it, on occasion, exactly around 5. American Express AFR was successful, especially for morale over water, but computer and pencil still hardest gadgets because radio becomes not always as successful every new crop of AFR "Radio Family Channel" (Flight Plan) as "Weather and 5. American." This is only complete source of maps and radio transmitters (frequency, band, location, etc.).

High-tech: Nomads' food: from normal sandwiches, meat, dairy, produce, equipment, a kilowatt-hour bag handy to make anything edible for C&I, and chemical skills for extracting gas-out of drums and pits where they don't automatically recognize guarantees. Suggested items: four or five empty sandbags and anything oil covered for beach throwdown; machete; an anti-type, battery-operated radio; bin if you don't have a food-safe system; extra tires and patching kit; full set of extra spare pump for anti-suction feeding; no harmful, cytotoxic salt bags, and extra bands with original plugs still strong; even so, fresh ones might have saved a delayed magnetic adjustment and gas-rendered, spare generator belt.

Caution: While a Verv pistol is legitimate emergency gear, don't carry any other firearms without checking current regulations.

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*Plus vite quand on le redécouvre, plus le comportement est bon. (voir l'annexe 4)

'66 PETE'

continued

almost done and we'd crashed into the plane for our preflight cabin riding. The kids stayed outside for a last romp with Manuela, who looked as if he would miss his new friends.

"Well, the foreman and his boys won't take anything," I told George. "They say they were just doing their jobs. And as for Rodas, what kind of gift could we offer a guy like him?"

We looked at Rodas.

"You're right," Moffett said. "He's not much on show, with those baggy duck pants and that beat-up old gun, but he's an aristocrat, every inch, the real old Spanish article. Probably rich as Croesus, too. Maybe an Abercrombie & Fitch catalog, with a gift certificate. . . ."

"Well, we sure as hell can't offer him a carton of cigarettes," I began a routine check of our emergency kit, a musette bag full of old flares, flashlights, first-aid kits and whatnot. Suddenly, we both knew the answer. Even as Moffett opened his mouth I reached deep in the bag and brought up our shiny new Colt .38 Police Positive. A last-minute addition to the kit. In case we should end up facing crocodiles or jaguars, the revolver had turned out to be a source of worry from the beginning. Lacking proper permits for it, we had denied its existence on customs questionnaires in a dozen countries: in Venezuela, where

we had got into enough trouble without a pistol, we had been justifiably terrified that somebody would turn it up while passing through the plane. Even in the less paranoid little distasteful possession of illegal firearms is a grave matter, and we still had a lot of Latin America ahead of us.

"Señor Rodas, our good and generous benefactor," I said in a pretty little presentation speech which spent my entire vocabulary, "please honor us by accepting this little sign of our affection and gratitude."

He protested. The jungle. We might come down again unexpectedly, and badly need protection. We insisted. The bushlocks held no more worries for us. Hadn't we met him in the jungle? After much arguing he gave in.

"It was a perfect sporting gift for a sporting gentleman," Moffett observed as we flew back up into the mountains. "The only thing that takes the edge off the pleasure of giving it is the fact that we're so glad to get rid of it."

"Dave and I did the same thing," Andy said. "We quit trying to read those Spanish comic books and gave the whole pile to Manuela. He hid 'em under his bed."

"Great," said George. "Now his daddy will have a use for that .38 if we ever turn up again."

We stopped at Hopango to fill the rest of our tanks and, for the record, checked in with El Salvador Customs and Immigration.

"Your aircraft papers seem to be in order," they told us, "but your visas are not. We are sorry, but you may not enter this country. Where are you arriving from?"

"Oh, down south," we replied, and beat it.

Our last Central American crisis was in British Honduras, where we found ourselves suddenly out of funds on a weekend and were unable to cash a check. The man who gave us our plane Sunday morning at Stanley Field in Belize told us he'd have been glad to sell us breakfast and add it—logically—on our credit cards as extra fuel, but unfortunately the airport restaurant was closed on Sunday.

"Daddy, will this help?" David asked. He produced a dollar from the lining of his Air Force brain bucket.

"You didn't tell me you had that," his older brother said accusingly.

"I was saving it for a 'emergency.'"

We flew 100 miles to Key West on David's dollar—it bought two small cans of tuna and a four-ounce can of condensed milk—and arrived snarling with hunger. As we handed over the last of our General Declaration I suddenly remembered that it is traditional for U.S. border officials to snark travelers heavily for overtime after 5 and on weekends.

"Gentlemen, we're broke," I said. "I hope you'll take a check."

"That's O.K.," said Customs. "You're lucky—we had to come out anyway for another plane."

"Get those guys," said Immigration as we tore out the door. "Hailing around the Caribbean in a two-engine airplane and they claim they're broke."

Unable to pay for a taxi to town, we hopped up to Marathon to check in at a motel with a dining room. As I was designing a thunderstorm on the way, the boys started arguing about who could eat the meat hamburgers and it developed into a kidding, free-swinging battle in the back seat. I gave the controls to George and forcibly restored order.

"I hope that'll teach you kids to remember that you're in an airplane, not a station wagon," I said, nursing a pain which had come into violent contact with a copper rivet on the back pocket of Andy's jeans.

"Gee, Daddy," David sniffled, "you and George drive it so nice all the time it feels like a station wagon and we forget."

"If you don't feel like a heel now, buddy," said Moffett, banking grandly around the last bit of curvilinear, "you've got no soul." (LBB)



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Nobody has ever been able to
say what sport is, quite.

But life would hardly be the same
without it.

Perhaps that's because sport means
a number of opposite things.

It means fact and it means fancy.
It is as tangible as a baseball bat and
as intangible as a frosty morning; exciting
as a photo-finish, serene as ebb tide.

It is competition; compassion;
tenacity; anticipation.

Sport is not all things to all people.
But today it is something in more
different ways to more people than it
has ever been before.

It is play for many and work
for a few.

It is what no one has to do and
almost everyone wants to do. It represents,
on the one hand, challenges willingly
accepted—and on the other, gambits
willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's
feathers; as soft as midnight on
a mountain trail.

It is as loud as Yankee Stadium at
the climax of a World Series—and
as quiet as snow.

It is exercise and rest. It is even
exuberant and more cautious.

In America today sport is not only
a dream that lies over the rainbow.
It is also an awakening that brings a
family together—on a boat or beach, riding
weekend or camping trip.

Sport is not art or religion,
morals or ideals. But with all of these it
shares values which are at least
humanly high and always highly human.

Sport is a wonderful world.



THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE OLYMPIC CONTRIBUTIONS

Sirs:

Enclosed is a small contribution to the Santa Clara Valley Youth Village fund (1976 Nov. 18, 1976) with a suggestion to Father Schmidt and the Village for instituting a dynamic program to revive middle-distance running in this country.

A program of this sort could be the answer to a long enterprise system to state-supported athletes of Communist countries.

With the help of Coach Iglai and Rowett Laatsch Tabert, the Village experiment should prove that amateur runners can still hold their own in international competition.

WILSON L. WIGGS
2nd Lieut., USMC

Beaufort, South Carolina

Sirs:

I am very happy to learn that Tabert and Iglai have been offered a home with the Santa Clara Valley organization. Please forward this small check to further the purpose of this fine group.

JOHN SHAMMON

New York City

■ The contributions of Lieut. Wood and Mr. Shammon have been forwarded to the Santa Clara Valley Youth Village to be used in the development of its track team.—ED.

TV BROADCASTS: SOUND AND FURY

Sirs:

Your reflections on Van Patrick's reporting of the professional football championship game were superb (E&D, Jan. 18).

That is the verbiage to which we in the Midwest are exposed every weekend of the football season if we wish to follow the exploits of our favorite, the Lions.

JOHN W. PATRICK

Toledo

Sirs:

On behalf of Theta Delta chapter of Phi Gamma Delta, I wish to express thanks to you for calling Van Patrick's hand and publicly cutting his hand off.

While our beloved Deltas were being cut up and devoured by the vicious Lions, we of the viewing audience were surrounded by some even more horrendous and divided disease, hypergastrology.

We are indeed thankful for our own splendid announcer Ken Coleman.

GILLES WIGGLESWORTH

Delaware, Ohio

Sirs:

I protest your remarks about Van Patrick, the Detroit Lions-Tigers announcer. You said that he was extremely verbose and thus annoying.

Van Patrick, in my estimation, always gives the most lucid, interesting, relevant and available descriptions of any to be heard, radio or TV. Furthermore, he is not sickeningly partisan to the Detroit team.

LOAN PARADISE

West Lafayette, Ind.

SHORTCROWING: WHERE?

Sirs:

The series on the shortcrowing old technique were fine. But you can't learn it from dry riding in the living room.

What old schools in the East will teach the shortcrowing?

RICHARD N. PIERCE

New York City

■ Although they still teach Arlberg to beginners, practically every eastern old school is adapting elements of the shortcrowing; among them Beamley, Vt., where Neil Robinson teaches delayed rotation; Stevie, Vt., staffed with Austrian instructors; Cannon Mt., N.H., where Paul Vakar asked claim to reverse shoulder as early as 1849.—ED.

THE RULES OF POOL

Sirs:

Enjoyed Gerard Hoffmann's pool cartoons and WHITE-MANOR's point of view on pool. I have in my basement a table. We have formed a pool club to play regularly. However, we are unable to locate any written rules for various types of pool from ordinary eight ball through billiards.

DALE PATTERSON

South Haven, Mich.

■ Mr. Patterson's group should have the official rule book, available for \$66 from the Billiard Congress of America, 321 Edison Building, Toledo.—ED.

DREAM COURSE: NOMINATIONS, PLEASE

Sirs:

Within six months the first bulldozer will begin shaping the terrain of what should be one of the great golf courses of the world.

continued

THE PHIBART AND THE COMMISSAR (CONT.)

Sirs:

I was particularly interested in reading *The Phibart and the Commissar* in the October 1 issue by a pseudonym at this point, Ellis Briggs. His very able description of "royal sport" in this Communist land remains essentially valid for the similar hosts in which I have participated here during the past four years. The only note which I might add is that during the past few years a growing number of diplomats from the "People's Democracies" are arriving to the lure of this "decadent capitalist sport." For the most part, their handling of such an effete and unaccustomed weapon as a shotgun is strange and wonderful. I will always remember the day the Chinese Communist ambassador appeared on the field and holding his gun at the hip in good Tommy-gun fashion vaguely began to fire in directions uncomfortably close to my vicinity. While I had no reason to believe he intended to direct

the official animosity of Peiping toward the United States upon my person in the form of No. 6 shot, I nevertheless felt it wise quickly but quickly to retire behind the nearest tree.

I am enclosing several photographs of hunting scenes at Khabarovsk, Irkutsk and, during the past two years, the province has been available to hunters from other countries for payment in foreign currency.

I should also mention that during this past year I have been able, for the first time, to join with parties of Czech hunters at smaller but in many ways more interesting hunts at other preserves in this area. I find the average Czech hunter, like his counterpart elsewhere in the world, a delightful companion and a thoughtful and hospitable host.

J. ALBERT JOHNSON
U.S. Ambassador to Czechoslovakia

Prague, Czechoslovakia



A CZECH SHOOT IN THE GRAND MANNER FOR DIPLOMATS AT Khabarovsk RESULTS IN HALF ADOZ OF BAGGED PHIBARTS AND HARES

ing that Marilyn is more intelligent than Madame Curie.

Here is news for W. R. Ballards: I developed a deep and abiding love for the faithful males of my father's ranch, and this was based as much upon camaraderie in difficult circumstances as upon their dependable work output.

Now I downright respect the expressions of General Bryan and agree with them in substance. But I must protest the terms "cruel" and "crazy." A male has a sense of humor and competition with his owner, which might be misunderstood as cruelty but is thoroughly understood by the male himself, and it makes handling them more fun. As for his statement, "let it be their way," this is a misquotation of their great acceptance of responsibility. But I agree with the general's statements about a male's drinking and eating habits, which are exquisite in comparison to the usual slobering horse whether he be a Thoroughbred or a cayuse.

There are too many silk hats and white ties on the gentlemen who are making derogatory statements about males. We should build a national monument to the animal which built our railroads, mined our coal, broke out endless square miles of new land, often rocky and difficult. Mr. Barney's statement, "The male's only claim to intelligence is his stubbornness when he doesn't want to work," is scarcely worthy of notice.

KENNETH M. HOLLINGSWORTH
Portland, Ore.

BASKETBALL: FACT AND LOGIC

Sirs:

One point that has been stressed over and over again in various people's arguments against basketball stalling (and most recently in the January 6 issue) is that the game becomes dull and uninteresting.

I remember several games as recent as this past year, involving the big colleges of the West Coast and the Rocky Mountain area, that ended up with a lull. Every one of them had me on the edge of my seat or standing yelling, wondering if the lull would hold or if the opposition could break through.

Logic says the stall is dull, but fact and logic do not always stand side by side, as my scientist can tell you.

ROBERT L. LOEFELERLIN
Superintendent of Parks and Recreation
Twentynine Palms, Calif.

MANNA FROM ICE

Sirs:

As always, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," especially your issue of January 13: the Bowl summaries, the iceboating article, the wonderful Maundin olympic, the fine tribute to Vis Selsma and, of course, always the deliciously portrayed Bonnie Fraden.

The iceboating article was so nostalgic for me, and so evocative. More years ago than anyone would wish to think upon (well, something over the half-century mark), the family made the annual Christmashide trek from New York to Syracuse to see all the tin. On the way up I still remember the iceboats on the Hudson, all the way from Storm King to Albany, and their graceful gyrations were spiritual manna to a small boy's mind.

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Washington, D.C.

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PAT ON THE BACK



Photo: Associated

CHARLES F. CHAPMAN

Number One man in the world of motorboating is this skillful, sea-wise skipper whose career covers more than half a century of power boats. In tribute to his standing, his certificate in the United States Power Squadron and his government license both read "No. 1." And as a longtime national chief commander of the U.S.P.S., as author of most of the rules that govern its procedure, and as a referee, arbiter and judge of practically every power regatta of consequence, Charles Chapman has had an influence on all who go down to the sea in motorboats.

In fact, members of the 232 branch units of the Power Squadron learn their lessons from his *Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling*, the standard text on the matter, bible of the sport. Chap's knowledge comes from experience. Among other things, as holder of a degree in marine engineering from Cornell, he rode as navigator with the great Gar Wood when they raced a train from Miami to New York in 1931 and when, four years later, the same pair beat the *Twentieth Century Limited* from Albany to New York. Now, at 77, retired from that kind of splash, Chapman is editor of *Motor Boating* and cuts his wisdom with an open 22-footer out of Essex, Conn.

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